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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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THE DUBLIN OF AN EPOCH THAT IS CLOSED
Sackville Street, with Nelson's column in the background. "The itinerary of Dublin is in 'Ulysses.'"

Sinclair Lewis's Hick of Genius

WORK OF ART. By *Sinclair Lewis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

A NOBEL Prize winner can afford to begin his book with a chapter about a minor character, and a not very interesting minor character at that. But readers who are depressed by this initial picture of Ora Weagle, the high school poet of Black Thread Center, Connecticut, should not lose heart; the book is not about Ora, though there is much too much of him. With the second chapter we come to his brother Myron; and the history of Myron Weagle, born artist whose medium happened to be the hotel business, contains a maximum of the things Lewis does well and a minimum of the things he does badly. There is here, thank God, no Message; but a thorough exposition from the inside of that type that Lewis knows better than anybody else, the hick of genius; and along with it a study of an industry that might have earned him a Ph.D. at any graduate school of hotel administration.

It was Myron Weagle's considered opinion that "no church or capitol or university or fort or hospital has so known the heart and blood circulation of history as a great hotel," and before he is through Lewis comes pretty close to making you agree with him. What hotel men will think of the book is beyond the conjecture of a lay reviewer, though they ought to be gratified by Lewis's evident conviction that the customer is nearly always wrong; but at least one outsider read these sections of the book with more satisfaction than he had expected could be aroused in him by any history of any industry. This is perhaps a tribute to the social interest of the hotel business as discerned by Myron Weagle and his creator, but it is a tribute to a unique interpretive talent besides.

But this is not essentially the story of the hotel business but of a hotel man. Myron grew up as handy man around his parents' little country hotel in Connecticut, born and bred in the trade but never realizing its potentialities till J. Hector Warlock, pattern of the perfect traveling man of the nineties, delivered a lengthy discourse on the true greatness of his

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"Ulysses" in Its Epoch

ULYSSES. By James Joyce. New York: Random House. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

SEARCHING the pages of "Ulysses" to remind myself of the date of Stephen Dedalus's and Leopold Bloom's memorable transit through Dublin, I find it was in 1904. It is getting on to thirty years since that congress of events which makes the tissue of "Ulysses" took place—it was on a summer's day—the middle of June. The Dublin of that day has receded into history; I now see that James Joyce's immense book contains an epoch that is closed, and I feel like commenting on the people as though they had manners and customs distinct from any that obtain anywhere today.

But before doing so let me say that more than before it is borne in on me that no city and no citizenry have been presented with fuller knowledge than the Dublin and Dubliners of "Ulysses." Apart from the tragic or comic values he gives them it is plain that Joyce knows the people of his book as no contemporary writer knows the people of his. There they are in their own particular haunts, speaking their own particular language. It is this reality of character, I believe, which will give lasting value to "Ulysses" when the novelty of its form has been discounted or worn off—that individual reality which makes us remember even a loiterer encountered casually at midnight as an individual with a peculiar history and a peculiar way of living. As a matter of fact all the personages encountered in "Ulysses" are historical characters for they were all existing people—people whom James Joyce had looked at, spoken to, and had dealings intimate or distant with, day after day. The curious thing is that the young man who looked at, listened to, dealt with these individuals saw them in such a way—as men and women who, in some odd way, were representative. Of course, Joyce was forced by the scheme of his novel to give them all a representative or symbolic character—they have to correspond with the people encountered by Ulysses or Telemachus. But before he sat down to write about them he must have seen his Dubliners as having a role of some kind. Joyce has always denied the value of history, but he is a man who has had, back into early youth, the historical imagination, the

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Tendencies in Modern Fiction

BY EDITH WHARTON

THE moral and intellectual destruction caused by the war, and by its far-reaching consequences, was shattering to traditional culture; and so far as the new novelists may be said to have any theory of their art, it seems to be that every new creation can issue only from the annihilation of what preceded it. But the natural processes go on in spite of theorizing, and the accumulated leaf-mould of tradition is essential to the nurture of new growths of art, whether or not those who cultivate them are aware of it. All the past seems to show that when a whole generation misses the fecundating soil stored for it by its predecessors its first growth will be spindling and its roots meagre. So one waited; one hoped; one watched tenderly over every shoot that seemed to have sap in it.

This waiting has now lasted for nearly a generation. Enough time has elapsed for the critic to take stock of the new fiction, and for its creators to take stock of themselves; and it begins to look as though the rejection of the past—accidental, enforced at first, but now, it must be supposed, deliberate—*had definitely impoverished the present.* I believe the initial mistake of most of the younger novelists, especially in England and America, has been the decision that the old forms were incapable of producing new ones. No work based on the determination to be different seems to have a principle of life in it; genius is always "different" (that is, individual) in spite of itself; but never merely for the sake of being so.

For these reasons it is difficult, in judging the new tendencies, to find a common ground for criticism. The artist who rejects the past *en bloc* should at least offer some sort of new criterion, some view of life, some general conception of the validity of the creative act, by which his work may be measured. It is doubtful if such considerations have ever troubled the greater number; but, since the same sort of experiment necessarily leads to the same results, the new novelists have picked out of the ruins involving the older culture the odds and ends of some of the very principles they ignore.

In the early days of the art most of the characters in fiction were either "stylized" abstractions or merely passive subjects of experiment, or both. In the novels of character the figures were little more than the Lover, the Siren, the Miser, and so on; in the novel of adventure of the same period they were the Aunt Sallies of the village fair, perpetually set up to be knocked down by outward happenings. Both these sets of characters were virtually suspended in the void; their names were often reduced to initials, and the reader was at most allowed to know that the heroine had a brow of ivory, and the hero a frank, ingenuous eye. But presently some one—I suppose the merit is due first to Fielding and next to Scott—noticed the impact of surrounding circumstances on every individual life, the professional distortions, the religious and atmospheric influences, and those subtler differences produced by the then scarcely apprehended law of variability. The individual character burst the shell of the novelist's abstraction, and from the day of Scott and Balzac readers began to talk of this or that personage in a favorite novel as though he or she had been a living human being—as in the world of imagination, which is only a transposition of the other, they actually were.

This growth of individuality in the people of fiction led, about the middle of the nineteenth century, to the experimenting with new theories, perhaps necessary as a means of transition, though it turned out that they could never be more. The imagination, it was decided, was not a powerful enough medium; it was to be superseded by direct observation. The novelist exchanged his creative faculty for a kodak. Visible, palpable details of dress, of background, of bodily peculiarities, replaced the free drawing of character; statistics crowded out psychology. The "realists" had hit on a convenient device; they had discovered that it is much easier, whenever a given character appears, to put the same phrase on his lips, or to call the reader's attention to the same physical infirmity, a squint, a stammer, an odd pronunciation (a means of identification cruelly over-used by Balzac), than to build up, stroke by stroke, the shape and growth of his soul. Whatever, as Henry James once put it, could be smelt, seen, tasted, or touched, was given precedence over mental and moral characteristics. But it remained to be discovered that this device led back, by another road, to the old stock types of the earlier fiction—save that the character who used to be merely the Miser was now the man whose left eyelid twitched, or the siren the young woman who was always preceded by a whiff of "White Rose."

Gradually the born novelists found that such short-cuts did not lead them where they wanted to go, and the more gifted took another path, in the wake of the great Russians, while the feebler beat their brains out against the blank wall of "Naturalism." Transmutation is the first principle of art, and copying can never be a substitute for creative vision.

Many of our younger novelists seem in-

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CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN
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A TRADE SURVEY
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

PERMANENT VALUES IN FICTION
By EDITH WHARTON

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nocently to have rediscovered the facile effects which Zola's generation had worn so threadbare; but in their opinion the generation which invented the "slice of life" had not the full courage of its method. Though the novelists of that day tore their slice from the lump, and served it up uncooked, they felt all the while the obligation to account for having chosen one particular slice and not another: and this obligation is precisely what the new novelists disavow. They profess (or would seem to) that any slice is equally to their purpose, if they do not scornfully reject any notion of a purpose. The mid-nineteenth century group selected; the new novelists profess to pour everything out of their bag. Maupassant ended his "slices" with a climax (if this appalling metaphor may be forgiven); Katherine Mansfield tore hers off when they had filled so many pages—or so her imitators appear to believe. But every ending, as well as every beginning, is arbitrary and therefore selective. No bag has yet been found big enough to hold the universe, and the contents of the biggest bag is only, in the last resort, a selection. Yes; but it is, or would appear to be, an accidental selection; and as such it might be regarded, if only the creative intelligence were not always irresistibly sorting and rejecting. The experiments of the new novelists, and the comments of their docile interpreters, have proved, in spite of both, that any lasting creative work must be based on some sort of constructive system; the creator must have a conviction to guide him. The conviction of the new group is that there should be none; but this, too, is a system. And just as they have had to put together a sort of unconscious philosophy of life to support the fabric of their tales, so in method many of them have gone back to the "slice of life," and renamed it (perhaps because they did not know the experiment had already been made) the "stream of consciousness." Any such generalization must admit of notable exceptions; nevertheless the trend of the new fiction, not only in America and England, but on the continent, is chiefly toward the only in the structure of their tales but in the drawing of character. They reduce to the vanishing point any will to action, and their personages are helpless puppets on a sluggish stream of fatality. That many commit acts of violence does not disprove this: they drift into them like somnambulists, and the onlookers or participants are as spectral as the fugitive apparitions of a dream. The reader, at the moment, may be deceived by such artifices; but the book closed, he seems to stand on the scene of a drunken revel "whence all but he have fled"—so rapidly have the wraiths he has been reading about vanished from his memory.

To counteract this evanescence, the younger novelists attempt to give substance to their creations by an exaggerated physical realism, and by recourse to such superficial disguises as singularities of dialect and slang. To facilitate their realism, they naturally incline to situate their tales among the least developed classes; and in America, for instance, our young novelists are frequently praised for choosing the "real America" as the scene of their fiction—as though the chief intellectual and moral resources of the country lay among the poor whites of the Appalachians, or their counterparts in other regions.

Is there not some simpler explanation for this choice? It is obviously much easier to depict rudimentary characters, moved from the cradle to the grave by the same unchanging handful of instincts and prejudices, than to follow the action of persons in whom education and opportunity have developed a more complex psychology. For the same reason it is easier to note the confused drift of subconscious sensation than to single out the conscious thoughts and deliberate actions which are the key to character, and to the author's reason for depicting that character. I have often wished, in my "Sister Anne" watch for the coming great novelist, that these facilities did not so temptingly concord with the short-cut in everything which is the ideal of the new generation, with the universal thirst to surpass the speed-record in every department of human activity. The way of the young novelist used to be steep and difficult. The publishers rejected him, the public turned from him to names already known, and methods already familiar; the critic reviewed him in batches, as the "minor poets" are still dealt with. But nowadays all this is changed. Important prizes are offered for the "First Novel" (before it has even been tested by print), publishers advertise the work of the unknown as though being unknown were a quality and not merely a quantity; and every inducement is offered to seize the first short-cut to notoriety and pecuniary benefit.

To a generation agreed that the past is not the soil of the future, such simplification of method was almost irresistible. The choice was probably unconscious, and the novelists left it to the critics to justify them, and to supply the key to a philosophy of art which did not yet exist. plant, and will survive the indiscriminate praise of the present day as it did the qualified approval of less accommodating critics. It will struggle through the chaos of present conditions in life and art, it will find out that difficulties are not meant to be avoided but to be mastered, it will develop the patience to explore and depict the enduring characters of human nature under the shifting surface of slang and sexuality, and it will gradually find methods of expression more pertinent to such a theme.

I have my white stone ready to mark the day when I see a young novelist slowly and doggedly rowing up-stream instead of slipping down the current with the cheering crowd; for I believe that he is already training for the inevitable effort.

The Seamy Side of the French at War

THE PARIS FRONT. By Michel Corday. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THE reader should be warned in advance to overcome any prejudice that he may feel when, on opening this book, he discovers that it consists mainly of brief notations, mere snippets of incidents and opinion, reproduced practically verbatim from a diary kept day by day during the four years of war. When he has plunged into the book he will find himself amply repaid, for it constitutes one of the most interesting records of the war that have yet been published. H. G. Wells is right in saying that "it is of the greatest historical value," and he was also emphatically right in his recommendation to the author, on reading comments gloomily on the capture of Jerusalem, "It throws a heavy advantage into the scale of England, and gives great satisfaction to our Catholics."

Like many idealists, Monsieur Corday is a good hater. Among the particular objects of his detestation are Poincaré, Joffre, and the Catholic Church. Indeed, his antagonism to the last is so violent as to be almost amusing—every time a priest goes up into the front line to give absolution to a dying soldier Monsieur Corday suspects a Papist plot! As for Poincaré, there are well over a hundred references to him listed in the index and it is safe to say that there is not a kind word among them. Joffre has about the same number of references, most of them contemptuous. Clemenceau is a horrid and dangerous old man. Indeed, very few of France's statesmen or generals are spared the biting satire of this witty commentator. Often the author's passionate hatred of the war and all its works leads him into palpable exaggeration (at any rate one hopes that it is!), as when he declares that "eighty per cent of women are delighted to be free from their husbands, while half of them have taken lovers." For the general reader, however, the malice and the exaggeration, together with the real wit and the spicy anecdotes that are freely sprinkled through the pages, add an undeniable piquancy to the diary, while the historian of the future, using it as a source-book, may be trusted to sort out the wheat from the chaff. Moreover, when all allowance has been made for passion and prejudice, the fact remains that during the bitter years of the struggle Monsieur Corday produced a book on the war much of which might have been written in the light of the afterthought of today. That fact alone would put this fascinating volume in a class by itself.

Stanley Went, who was at one time on the editorial staff of The Nation, *and later of* The New York Evening Post, *is an Englishman who fought with the British forces in France.*

Only the Blackbird

By AUDREY WURDEMANN

ONLY the blackbird will insist
On his one note; the thrush
Rummages like a botanist
And the bee burrs in plush
While that sweet ventriloquist
The cuckoo, cannot hush.

And this is well, and that is well,
And summer has no use for death.
The snail coiled in his thrice-coiled shell
Partakes one little smoky breath
Before the frost invokes that spell
That ends in winter's shibboleth.

Only the blackbird: all the rest
Are singing a hundred songs of fire
To ward away the winter lest
It feed on them and their desire;

Only the blackbird whistles well
His one clear note; only the snail
Leaves one unsteady silver trail;
Only are left, when the frost is over,
Lost in the roots of the dying clover,
A red-tipped feather, a red-lipped shell.

Queen Christina

ran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE D. STEEFEL

DAUGHTER and heir of Gustavus Adolphus, given a masculine education, patron of art and learning, correspondent and friend of Descartes, convert to Roman Catholicism, eccentric, expatriate, and latest role of Greta Garbo, Christina of Sweden is a subject of perennial interest. Miss Goldsmith has given us, on the whole, a very good picture of her personality and career. Avowedly a "psychological" biography, her book exhibits unusual restraint in dealing with the problem of sexual abnormality, which seems, in many works of the type, to be all that modern literary psychology can understand. To be sure, the author regards as her special contribution the frank discussion of Christina's Lesbian affection for her lady-in-waiting, Countess Ebba Sparre. With one exception, however, she gives adequate attention to the other influences on Christina's development.

Even professional psychologists differ in judging the relative weight of heredity, youthful impressions, and intellectual interests in explaining a complex character. Only when interpreting Christina's abdication primarily by her aversion to marriage, does Miss Goldsmith seriously overemphasize sex. The best Swedish authorities justly lay more weight on the religious factor. An unmarried queen was a political possibility; a Catholic queen, in seventeenth century Sweden, was out of the question. For many reasons, Christina valued her spiritual and intellectual freedom more highly than her crown.

The style is generally simple and clear, marred only occasionally by infelicity of expression. Christina herself was sometimes vulgar and might not have objected to the statement that she "was known to be a woman who cramped any man's style." And something can be forgiven to an author who pays her readers the subtle compliment of leaving quotations from foreign poetry in the original languages.

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The Archaeology of Human Morals

THE DAWN OF CONSCIENCE. By James Henry Breasted. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ASHTON SANBORN

LIKE a retrospective seer looking deeply into time from the heights of an intellectual Pisgah, Professor Breasted surveys the plains and great river valleys of the Eastern Mediterranean world and there perceives man emerging from cradled savagery, recognizing and mastering by slow experience the resources of nature in an effort to mitigate the painful danger of daily existence, and finally achieving his greatest victory in the recognition and mastery of himself.

It was unquestionably a fortunate mischance which diverted Breasted in his youth from active participation in achæological field work. As a teacher and writer his ardent and humane approach to the study of ancient man in the Nearer Orient has kindled the enthusiasm of well trained, devoted disciples; as a practical man of affairs his personal qualities, scholarly generosity, and breadth of historical vision have melted the heart of Crœsus and won adequate financial support for carrying on an unusual number of costly researches in Egypt and Nearer Asia and for establishing at the University of Chicago the Oriental Institute, which is a unique laboratory for examining and correlating the scientific results of these various expeditions. Withdrawn from the field where the dust of discovery not infrequently hides the wider historical horizons from eyes too closely fixed upon the problems of a particular site, Breasted uses his remarkable powers of perception, synthesis, and expression, to detect behind the fist-hatchet grasped by Stone Age man the human mind dimly conscious of intangible forces without and within itself, and to assemble in the clear light of general comprehension from the scattered and diminished records of the past all available evidence of the conception and growth of moral consciousness in mankind.

The desiccation of Northern Africa during the Mousterian stage of the Palæolithic Period drove animals and man into the luxuriant, life-sustaining refuge of the Nile Valley and, by creating inhospitable deserts on the east, west, and south, gave them there a protective isolation unparalleled elsewhere on the earth. Thus for several thousand years Egypt fostered an almost uninterrupted continuity of human and social development which evolved into the first great civilized state about the beginning of the fourth millenium B. C., "at a time when Europe and most of Western Asia were still inhabited by scattered communities of Stone Age hunters."

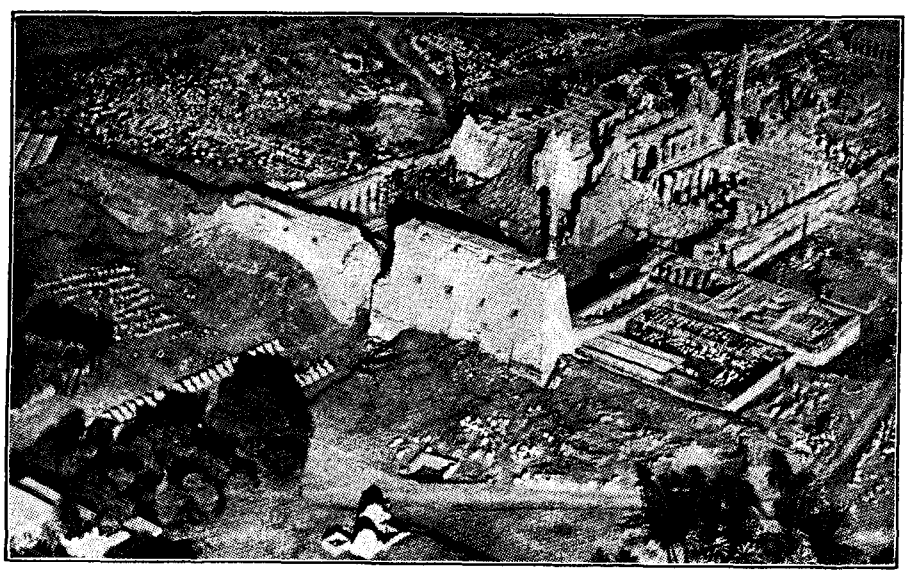
He who knows the story of the transition from the prehistoric hunters of the Nile jungle to the sovereigns and statesmen, the architects, engineers, and craftsmen, the sages and social prophets of a great organized society, which wrought the monumental wonders along the Nile at a time when Europe was still living in Stone Age barbarism and there was none to teach a civilization of the past—he who knows all this knows the story of *the first rise of a civilization of profound moral vision anywhere on the globe.*

With ample translations from the hieroglyphic texts carved upon the early monuments and from later papyri, and with interpretations of the scenes of contemporary daily life depicted in great numbers on the walls of tombs, the history of the growth of religion in Egypt is set vividly forth from the remote and childish nature-myth of the Sun-god, through the important expansion of his activities beyond the realm of material forces to include human affairs, until his commingling with Osiris culminated in a developed moral order which recognized justice, righteousness, and man's relation with God both in this life and in the life to come. There is immortal irony in the fact that wealth was relied upon by the great Egyptians of the Pyramid Age to protect them from annihilation in the hereafter. The futility of reliance on material means in the struggle against death and man's earliest disillusionment in this engrossing phase of his existence became apparent with the self-begotten collapse of materialism at the end of the Old Kingdom and was reflected in the changed moral attitude of the succeeding age which recognized the value of a life of righteousness in the sight of God and was not without scepticism in the efficacy of *any* means for securing felicity or even survival beyond the grave.

Two of the later chapters are devoted to the important period of Ikhnaton. The consolidation of imperial expansion had already been effected during the twenty years of Thutmose III's military campaigns in Asia, and Egypt, forced to look beyond the narrow geographical boundaries of her immemorial isolation, had become conscious at last of world relations. As Breasted tersely remarks:

> It was universalism expressed in terms of imperial power which first caught the imagination of thinking men of the Empire, and disclosed to them the universal sweep of the Sun-god's domination as a physical fact. Monotheism was but imperialism in religion.

The last hundred pages, which summarize the sources of our moral heritage and outline the course of moral development in Western Asia, show how materialistic and commercial the Babylonian civilization always remained, how high was the moral sense of the Hittites, and how the Hebrews, invading Palestine late in the eleventh century B. C., came into immediate contact with the thousand years old, advanced, composite civilization of the Canaanites, built up largely out of Babylonian and Egyptian elements, and transmitted these trends of moral thought to the present day, in which Breasted optimistically sees the beginning of the Age of Character.



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF AMON AT KARNAK, EGYPT, SEEN FROM THE AIR.
From "The Dawn of Conscience."

* *

Ashton Sanborn is a member of the Egyptological staff of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Basil de Selincourt, writing of Blake, says: "He is more like an earthquake than a man. And the contortion was bred in him because the self-annihilation he talked so much about had not really been effected, where for him it was vital to effect it—in his artistic life."

"The Moon Is Dead"

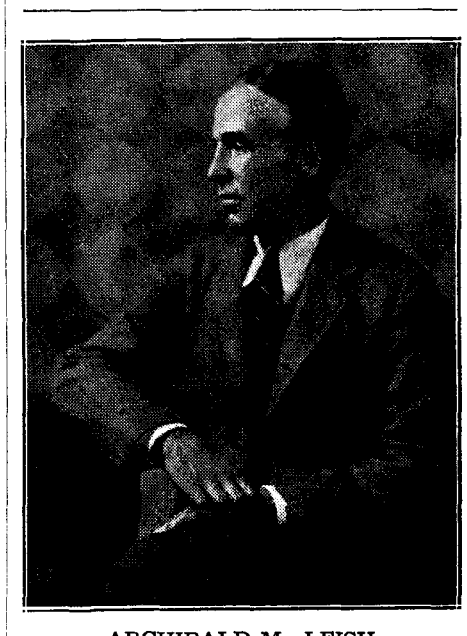
POEMS, 1924-1933. By Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

THE poetic renascence in America may be roughly divided into two periods: the romantic movement (1912-1922), and the neo-classic (1923-1933). The romantic, on the whole, was a forward-moving body expressing our native life and ideals; the neo-classic, a reaction against the cruder phases of the land, and an escape to Europe, a nostalgia for the past. Although the World War and its aftermath marked the historical division between the two periods, and a single poem, "The Waste Land," dramatized the philosophic and poetic change from an optimistic world to a world of despair and disillusion, the reaction against modern America had already begun in 1908, when Ezra Pound sailed abroad, followed three years later by T. S. Eliot. Pound and Eliot belong to the army of cultivated men who have rushed abroad since the days of Jefferson, and their artistic forebears are the moonlit Poe, the esthetic Whistler, the aristocratic Henry James. Not to mention Longfellow. The romantic stay-at-homes, Frost, Lindsay, Sandburg, and others, belong to the native tradition of Emerson, Dickinson, Whitman.

Now comes a beautiful book which summarizes the post-war period, the expatriate movement, the nostalgic action of our artists in prose, as well as in verse: the men and women to whom Gertrude Stein gave the name, The Lost Generation. Indeed, Archibald MacLeish's "Poems" (1924-1933) may be called the closing chapter, a farewell to farewells. Perfection has been achieved, and now we must start all over. A sensitive man has embodied himself in a book, and that self reflects the salient characteristics of restless men who sailed before him and handed down the lamps of sophistication. Like all the poets of the last decade, MacLeish is a superb craftsman. The musical and pictorial qualities of his verse deserve the highest praise. And he also won his growing audience through the mood of his poetry: a tragic disdain of life, even of love, of sex; a devotion to death, bone, stone, and all; an adoration of nature, as opposed to man; an adoration of past heroes, as opposed to the human worms who infest the contemporary planet. And his hatred of the machine and its industry, of the owners who exploit the land and its people (a recent note in MacLeish) has endeared him to socialists. Communists refuse to embrace him: the poet jeers at "Lenin! Millenium! Lennium!" and derides "Dialectical Materialism." Mike Gold dubs him a fascist, and the once poetic battle is now political.

In "American Letter," a marvellous poem, MacLeish confesses: "It is a strange thing to be an American." Nowhere else in literature has the dual problem of the super-sensitive American, who loves and hates his land in the same breath, found a richer eloquence. One may draw the conclusion that the life Pound and Eliot and MacLeish tried to escape, and their nostalgia for older ages, was not so much the life shattered by the World War as the life degraded and rejected by hordes of their fellow countrymen. And the poets are little more at home with people abroad than they were with people left behind. And what is it they try to escape if it be not the self (MacLeish's "Einstein")? Behind this disgust with the land and the morons, there is a deeper disgust, an inescapable boredom with the everlasting ego, the individualist, the lyrist chanting against the dark, and writing poetry, poetry, from which the author turns in further disgust. (*Vide* MacLeish's blunt preface.) One longs for the heroic past; one finds it in books, more books. One tries to hobnob with the great recorders: with Homer, with the Latins, the Provençal, the Elizabethans, with Donne and Marvell, and especially with Dante. And one tunes a fascinated ear to the Symbolists, the ever-beguiling French, the perfectionists, the adventurers in esthetics —to Mallarmé, Laforgue, Rimbaud, Valéry—and to an art for its own sake, a complete escape from life, a world in itself, pure, indissoluble. But even this world reflects the ego: self-pity wearies and crumbles. One stops writing altogether. Or like the late Hart Crane, harbinger of a new romanticism, of a new American poetry, one commits suicide. There is apparently no theme at hand great enough to command a man's genius. No theme outside the self, no theme in the race or the human race. One cannot exist without heroes, classic heroes, fu-



ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
Photograph by Ben Pinchot.

ture heroes. Who wants to live with morons and immortalize them? Sinclair Lewis? Better the grave!

It is rather criminal of one poet to use another for a thesis, and to ride his own hobby. In doing so, I can safely leave MacLeish with the reader—whom MacLeish disdains as Pound and Eliot disdained him before. Anyone in love with beautiful poetry must love these three men. They express their own world well enough, but they rarely touch ours. Nor is ours the world Robinson Jeffers abhors: a world of incestuous microbes seen through the wrong end of a telescope, from a Grecian tower in California. A truce to "the isles of Greece!" A truce to nostalgias! Or shall one say with MacLeish: "The moon is dead, you lovers"?

We have, of course, no right to demand that an artist attach himself to some new program, social or esthetic or both in one; or that he change his temperament to ours. The best of MacLeish will survive contemporary arguments. It seems to me, nonetheless, that the poet in search of heroes, the poet who can only respond to the noble, and lose himself in a grander age than ours, need not return to the past for his sole inspiration. Without losing sight of the past, of the present in the past, of the future in the present; in short, without overlooking perspectives, he may find heroes galore in the age we live in. Somebody will say: But this is a frightful age—the worst in history—with a greater war ahead. Very true, at the moment. But everything that happens now touches and affects the whole human race. For the first time in history, we are worldlings as well as individuals, and even the smallest man—the Little Man, What Now?—plays a role in collective society. He may go so far as to play leading, rather than minor roles, and even play the hero. In any event, is it too much to ask the artist to immerse himself in humanity? Will the self lose distinction by trying to embrace the universal self? Is not a racial theme greater than a personal? One asks for nothing very new, but for a faithful interpretation of a world grown more and more intimate. Isolation is out of the question; likewise escape. Let us make the future historian look back on us with an envy similar to the envy we pay heroic ages of the past. Where will he find us except in our poetry? And how does an age or a man survive except through the creative spirit?

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Literary Politics

The stalwart Mencken, one of the few conservatives left in America who still dares to speak his piece, believes that when American politics turn to the left American literature will turn to the right—for American writers have always refused to follow the politicians.

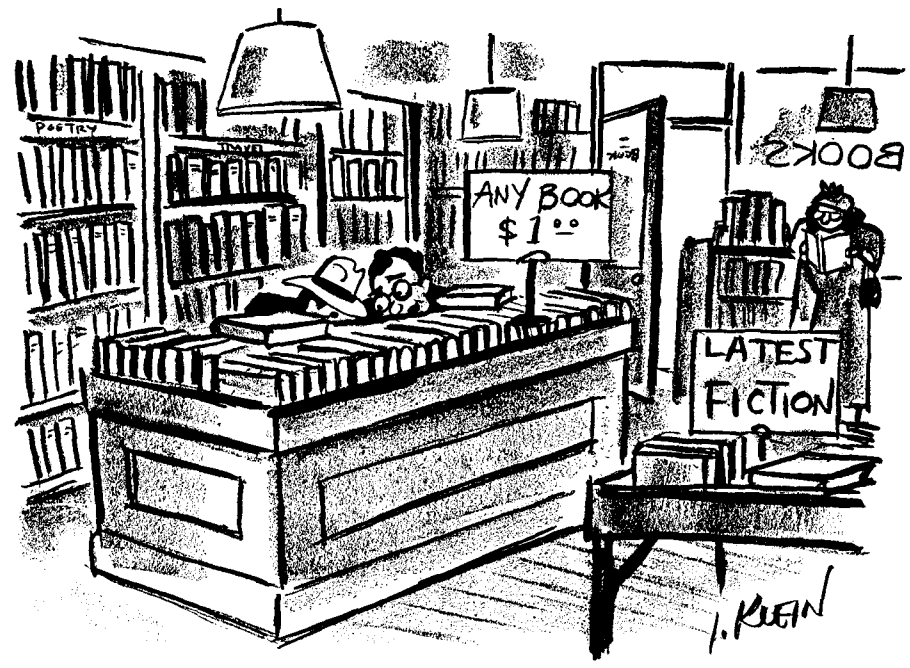
He is right historically, or, at least, eighty percent right. The notable American writers have been in nothing more notable than in their consistent stand with the opposition. Washington Irving was a conformist and occasionally a time server, and Hawthorne's deep-lying pessimism made it easy for his conscience to exchange political biography for political preferment; but Emerson, Thoreau, Whittier, Howells, Mark Twain, Melville have all written their protests against the politicians and the financiers behind them deep in American literature. Whitman, though he held a government job, was no model of a placeman, and Cooper broke his heart in the attempt to reconcile his native respect for property and authority with the knaveries and injustices of those in power. There is perhaps no literature more definitely protestant in the lay sense of that word than the American.

Nevertheless, if there is a tradition in American literature that still has force (and the burden of proof is upon those who uphold the contrary opinion), that tradition is not conservative in the political or economic sense, but radical, humanitarian, against dominance by property, against exploitation, for the relatively poor, against the merely rich.

"Conservative" and "radical" are only words. Creative writers are nearly always conservative in the sense that they wish at all costs to conserve those human values which greed, ignorance, stupidity, sadism, and vanity destroy, and this has been notably true of the American literary tradition. Mr. Mencken is unquestionably right if he thinks that any effort to substitute force for persuasion in the attempt to bring about a new economic and political order in the United States will send even those intellectuals who are now toying with the forthright methods of communism and fascism scurrying into the opposition. Their predecessors—the Thoreaus, the Emersons, the Mark Twains, the Whitmans—were intense individualists, yet with a very little stretch of the imagination it is possible to conceive of them, even Thoreau, as in deep sympathy with the current attempts to hold back the profit-making motive from its excesses; it is quite possible to believe that they would be supporters of such a democratic-socialistic state as the liberals of the present Administration seem to have in mind. But they were more deeply concerned with the integrity of the mind, with good values in living, with spiritual freedom, than with economic equality. A Thoreau today would be more troubled by the threat of an authoritarian state, whether communist or fascist, than by the maldistribution of wealth. He would oppose the latter with all the force of his philosophy, yet scorn the man who made a fuss about his body while giving over his mind without a struggle to the state.

But it is most improbable that the new generation of American writers, hatched in the sun of the New Deal, will be conservative, if conservative means to favor the continuance of the exploiting of the "boobs" for the benefit of the plutocracy that has been in power since the Civil War. And yet, if there is anything in tradition (and there most certainly is), it is equally improbable that they will be radical, if radical means to surrender to the politicians freedom of thought for a doubtful guarantee of distributed prosperity. It will prove to be easier to push American business toward fascism or communism (as the case may be) than to pull American literature in the direction of either.

The Booksellers' Code, now on file in Washington, is scheduled for hearings before the end of January. *The Saturday Review* urges all who are interested in the preservation of bookstores to support the proposed code by writing to Administrator Alexander Whiteside, NRA Headquarters, Washington. Letters from readers who can testify to the importance of maintaining smaller bookstores will be of great value to the booksellers' cause.



"NOW YOU SEE WHY WE CAN'T LET THIS BOOK GO FOR LESS THAN THIRTY DOLLARS."

Letters to the Editor: *In Search of a Publisher; How to Pronounce Names*

Problems of the Young Novelist

SIR: I have finished four novels. None have been published. The last took a year to write and rewrite. Eight active publishers were queried with a letter giving short synopsis, description of my material, and frank confession of my status as a novelist.

All but one of the eight publishers admitted willingness to take a look. The four most representative were selected, and I drew from these letters of rejection that meant nothing except that my manuscript was being returned by express. The Macmillan Company was the most courteous, writing, "We have had it [my novel] read carefully by our most competent advisers, and discussed at considerable length in editorial conference. It is undoubtedly an unusual piece of work, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that despite its merits, there is no place where it will fit in with our future publishing plans."

My novel seemed slanted to the *Saturday Evening Post*, but nothing doing there.

A good agent was the thing! Sheldon Dick was selected. His readers examined my manuscript. ". . . unfortunately we do not feel that we would be successful in handling it for you."

Where from here? Four general book publishers, one national periodical, and one reputable literary agent had said no. Rewrite? I had done this. Abandon it and start number five? Learn to write by writing? What had I learned to write by writing these four novels? Nothing from publishers and the public. Polite silence from the publishers and the public had no chance to say. Professional critics? On my third novel I had employed three of the best available. (I was selling many minor articles and a short story to one of the big national magazines at the time and had extra money for criticism.) But what one critic condemned, the others praised. Comparing the three criticisms, I despaired of any real help from paid critics, and decided that a writer's help must come from within himself.

And my conclusion is that although a young novelist's problems are many, the one that leads the field by a mile is finding a publisher. Here is one reason why I believe this:

When I finished my third novel and could not find a publisher, I was determined to in some way get the public's reaction to my writing. I went to one of our local newspapers and arranged to run a Saturday column in their daily. I cut most of my third novel up in bits and published it in this Saturday Column. This paper's circulation amounts to 3,200 subscribers. I am positive that 3,199 kept up with my column. Almost that many have either written or spoken to me about it. And I found they not only liked the subject matter but the way it was written.

With this knowledge and experience behind me, I wrote my fourth novel about farm life and the daily events and problems of contemporary American life that my column fans love to read about. And I can't find a publisher to try it on a larger audience.

A newspaper editorial today under the heading, "Subsistence Farming Wins Wide Favor," tells of the overwhelming flood of demands to the government for subsistence farms. These demands are rolling in at the rate of 1,000 a day. And this was the theme of my fourth novel; a young couple forced to a small farm in order that they might eat and keep warm—and the publishers think there are not a sufficient number of people interested in such subject matter to warrant putting it into a book.

Should the author pay to have his novel published? What young novelist has available the facilities for marketing copies of a novel? But it is my opinion that authors—even young novelists—do know something of what the public likes to read about, but they do not know how to find a publisher without many trials, errors, and acres of wasted energy and heartache.

HERMAN LOWE.

Bowling Green, Ky.

More About Names

SIR: After the appreciative review given to my "International Book of Names" and the helpful suggestions made by Professor Holt, I trust it will not seem ungracious if I challenge his criticism of two or three items.

The reviewer questions my pronunciation of Pinero, Suckow, and Ambassador Morgenthau. If I am in error, the owners of the names are equally at fault. My role was merely that of a recorder.

Sir Arthur Pinero wrote me on July 10, 1933: "The correct pronunciation of the name is Pin-e'-ro (*e* as in *me*)."

Miss Ruth Suckow wrote on June 26, 1933: "Both the vowels in my name are long, as you wrote it—Su-kō (*u* as in *music*)—with the accent on the first syllable. Thanks for writing to ask me, for it is almost invariably mispronounced."

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., instructed his secretary to write me as follows: "Although Mr. Morgenthau's father follows the German pronunciation, Mr. Morgenthau himself Anglicizes the name, pronouncing the last syllable *thaw*." This distinction between father and son has been duly incorporated in the second printing of my book.

Wodehouse is another name that has puzzled the eye-minded, and your readers may be interested in having the correct pronunciation determined by the author himself. "The name is pronounced Woodhouse," he wrote on June 19, 1933. The creator of Jeeves is entitled to the last word.

C. O. SYLVESTER MAWSON.

Wellesley, Mass.

Irish Names

SIR: Mr. Ernest Boyd's note on the pronunciation of Irish names caught my eye, and it occurs to me that some readers may be interested in the fact that the character Mahony in H. H. Richardson's "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" accented his name in the approved Irish fashion and was always pained when his Australian associates mispronounced it. . . .

Incidentally, my own name, which Mr. Boyd uses as an example, is very frequently mispronounced in this country, and persons who have heard me pronounce it properly seem perversely determined to continue in error. I have always called myself Grat'n.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

New York City.

Children and Literature

SIR:—I am preparing a book on the subject of "Children and Literature," in which I hope to include a section on "American Children and Literature," and I should be deeply grateful if you would permit me the use of your valuable columns to ask any of your readers who possess interesting, curious, or amusing literary efforts by children to be kind enough to give me an opportunity of reading and, possibly, using them.

I should, of course, return all MSS. sent to me and refund the cost of postage.

GEORGE GREER.

21 Little Russell St.
London, W.C.1

Van Nest Place

SIR: A curious lapse of accuracy occurs in Mr. Benét's interesting reminiscences of Sinclair Lewis, in your issue of January 20. What is called "Van Ness" Place, where Messrs. Lewis and Benét lived, is correctly spelled Van Nest Place, as any resident of Greenwich Village, past or present, ought to know. Don't tell me it was a typographical error: it occurs twice.

EDWARD CORNELIUS.

New York City.

(*Mr. Cornelius saw an advance copy of the Review, as the correction was made for the regular edition. In any case, the error was not Mr. Benet's; his copy read "Van Nest," and was changed as the result of a proof-reader's brainstorm.—The Editors.*)

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

ULYSSES. By JAMES JOYCE. *Random House.* The long proscribed work which many regard as one of the great novels of our time.

WORK OF ART. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. *Doubleday, Doran.* The story of a hotel man.

MORE FUN IN BED. Edited by FRANK SCULLY. *Simon & Schuster.* The convalescent's handbook.

This Less Recent Book:

ONLY YESTERDAY. By FREDERICK L. ALLEN. A history of the recent past.

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A Little Man Who Touches Greatness

OUT OF LIFE. By Myron Brinig. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THE list of Myron Brinig's novels lengthens. In each of them a wide interest in human beings as they are and as they are moulded by the conditions under which they live has been apparent. And, since a man no more than a city, is made in a day, Mr. Brinig's books have for the most part been long and his characters and places have reappeared from time to time in different novels. This full-length, carefully detailed style of portraiture is what we have inevitably come to expect from the author. His latest book breaks entirely away from his tradition. It gives as completely and with even greater emotional verity the whole being of a man but it does so simply, quickly, in a single flash with no long succession of days and nights, no careful leading up to and away from. Here is a man on his day of days. We are concerned with his past only as it manifests itself on this day, a day that will lead into no future.

Sam Baggot closes his delicatessen store in downtown New York and starts for his home in Brooklyn. Dulness and routine. Business bad as usual; the evening paper; the faces in the subway; the smell of food in the house; the silent supper with a tired wife, then bed and blessed forgetfulness. Morning and the great news. Stella tells him they are to have a child. After all these years,—a child, a son. Sam Baggot walks out of the house into a new world.

Sam tells everyone he meets on the way to the store. He loves every one and everything. And everyone and everything love him. The delicatessen counter cannot hold him, he will take a holiday to explore this brave new world that Stella's words have builded. He starts out.

His day is what his day would have to be. He wants to embrace joy, he wants to be one with the very heart of life. But he is Sam Baggot, delicatessen dealer, and so outwardly he can only meet and join forces with a young sailor, drink, brawl, gamble, and end his day in a disreputable house. But for Sam all these things are very different. For him the sailor represents beauty and strength and freedom. Sam feels himself father to the beauty of the young man, son to his strength. Drinking is a release to the spirit, gives to Sam a self worthy of his great news, brave enough to challenge any man he happens to find annoying. And in gambling Sam senses his new power. He can take money from the world as well as everything else. And for him the girl in the house symbolizes a force in living which is essential and exquisite. Through the embrace of this girl and the sailor, Sam feels himself at one with all merging and union throughout life.

So one follows Sam on his brief pilgrimage through ecstatic intensification. He wants to give out all that is within him and to take into himself all that lies outside. In his attempt to show the extent of his character's desire and the narrow limits imposed upon its expression, Mr. Brinig has feared neither the sublime nor the ridiculous. The result amply justifies his courage. Sam Baggot is a little man who touches greatness for a moment. His saga is pitiful and ludicrous. As a potential father he looms gigantic in his own eyes; after such a hope and such a vision any lesser fate is impossible for him; to be out of life is better than dull continuing.

Kim of Bolivia

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN. By Alan Hillgarth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by LUCIA ALZAMORA

ALAN HILLGARTH'S scene is present-day Bolivia, his subject the Bolivian Indian. Taken together, they form an ancient plot, however fresh to the reader of fiction, and of them he has made an unusual and engrossing novel. It is, on the face of it, a romance, an invented, adventurous story, but it is written so sympathetically, with a discernment so rare in a North American writing about South America that it lifts itself out of that class into a place of real importance.

The chief character of the book, Patricio, is a Quichua Indian with an infinitesimal amount of white blood in his veins—what in South America is called a cholo. When he is eleven years old, and in serious trouble, he falls in with a Callaguaya, an itinerant native healer, endowed with great wisdom and sweetness, who recognizes the latent possibilities in the boy and arranges to have him educated by an important family of Spanish descent. Through the years that he is acquiring the education of a gentleman he almost persuades himself that he is neither Indian nor cholo, but white, that his percentage of Indian blood is so slight as to be negligible. A concerted and horrible Indian uprising serves both to make him even more definitely wish to forget that he has ever been an Indian, and to awaken him to the situation of the people among whom he was born. But he finds it impossible. He follows the Callaguaya out of La Paz, destined to succeed his mentor as another link in that legendary chain of native leaders which alone binds the Indian of today to the old civilized nation of the Incas.

Bolivia is a strange country, and perhaps this story could have been set convincingly in no other. Mr. Hillgarth knows its mountains, its mines, its Incas, its men, and its legends. He writes vigorously and well. The slow development of soul and intelligence, and later the racial conflict in the boy's mind, are touchingly and skilfully done. Perhaps the first chapters wherein the child wanders alone in the mountain are the most appealing, but the book reaches its peak almost at the last, when Patricio, holding the revolutionary mob in his hand, speaks unconsciously in his native Quichua. The visionary ending, though foreseen, is not entirely convincing, not quite satisfactory, and the love-affair with the American girl not at all so.

For the rest this is an exciting and thoughtful book, a rounded picture of a strange civilization, written by a man of delicate perceptions and great knowledge of his subject.

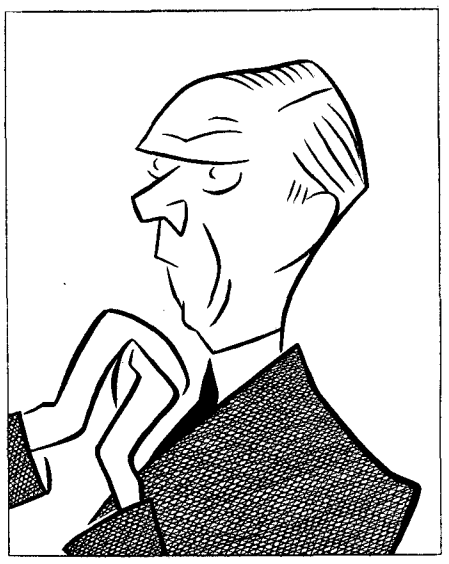
DRAWING BY RICHARD FLOETHE FOR "OUT OF LIFE"

Lewis's Hick of Genius

(*Continued from first page*)

calling. Thereafter Myron learned to scorn delights and live laborious days, and to toughen himself against the misunderstanding that besets the artist. Striving to bring order and efficiency into the slackness of average American hotel-keeping of a generation ago, he found that "his easy-going employees resented him as supercilious and fussy, his old friends felt that he was a hard money-grubber and climber," while "the 'intellectuals' were certain that he was a vulgar Philistine because he provided excellent bathrooms and ice cream (which people wanted) instead of atrocious paintings or novels (which they didn't want)."

And as Myron Weagle gradually rose in his field there shaped itself before him the vision of the Perfect Inn, the work of art which should be the crown of his life's



SINCLAIR LEWIS
Drawn for The Saturday Review
by Irma Selz

work. Possibly he was a little touched by cultural colonialism, for his vision was of a modernized version of the old English country inn; not till long afterward, from his son, did he catch the revolutionary idea that perhaps the modern analogue of that celebrated institution could be found in the humble tourist camp. The perfect work of art was at last completed, only to be wrecked by incalculable and adventitious disaster; but even without disaster Myron realized eventually that the resort-hotel business was changing under the pressure of the motoring and golfing manias, that by building his country inn in 1927 he had in effect "set up shop as epic poet just when the prose novel was ousting the hexameter." It is a disaster that has happened to many artists and to many works of art; a century from now, literary detectives may be running through Lewis's published and unpublished output, trying to determine which of his books suggested the fate of the Black Thread Center Inn.

In these later chapters of Myron Weagle's decline one begins to feel that this is less a story of a hotel man than of a man, frustrated in great ambitions by stupidity and greed and sheer bad luck; there is in them a depth and an intensity missing in the earlier part of the book. But a man in Lewis's position can dare give his story a fairly happy ending, even though he ranks as an art artist; Myron Weagle went grimly back to work, did what he could as well as he could, and in the end attained the supreme distinction of a country hotel keeper; "the traveling men told him that his was the best hotel in their territory, and they planned their routes so that they could spend Sunday there."

A book on such a theme inevitably suggests comparison with "Arrowsmith." By contrast, "Work of Art" is a long way inferior, both in profundity and in variety. Such variety as it has comes chiefly from the recurrent intrusions of Brother Ora (usually to borrow money); and the contrast of this novelist-playwright-scenario-writer-swindler with Myron, pattern of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices brought up to date, is one of Lewis's unhappier inspirations. Ora's history contains some shrewd touches, but most of it is broad caricature in the early manner of "Hobohemia." Myron Weagle is a less complex person than Martin Arrowsmith and his wife is very far from a Leora; though their relation, casually sketched in a few parenthetic pages, builds up into a picture that possibly comes nearer being the typical American marriage than most of those that get into current fiction.

But the comparison is irrelevant, however inescapable. A man who has written two books as good as "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith" need never write anything else; and if the gadfly drives him to keep on writing he still has the right to be judged only by his best. If "Work of Art" is considerably below Lewis's best, it is immeasurably above his worst. It may not be what the trade (usually with unintended irony) terms an Important Book, but it is a good two dollars and fifty cents' worth; it may be Lewis's country commercial hotel, but this reviewer spent a highly agreeable Sunday there.

Double Exposure

FIRST LOVE AND LAST. By Howard Coxe. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

IT is difficult, in a big city, to know the beginnings and endings of people, difficult, indeed, to see them in the round. Perhaps it is only in small communities that observation of character can be really profound and all-knowing. And in a community where families have lived in an established way for generations, what hoarded knowledge of character is stored in their long memories!

It is precisely this accumulated shrewdness and knowledge that Mr. Coxe, in "First Love and Last," has brought to his study of Miss Sara Cloud. He shows her to us, against the slowly changing background of her small town in northeastern New York, as a type, an individual, and a force,—that gravital force which holds a family to a solid place in the world. We do not so much *see*, as *know*, her, as we know an intimate old friend, whose outward appearance has no longer any particular significance for us.

Mr. Coxe tells her story in a tone that is colloquial, American, and altogether natural, and with a liveliness that flags only in the middle section of the book, a section that is slower and less interesting than the first and last. He has devised a form of story-telling that is novel and successful. He first reveals Miss Sara to us on Christmas Eve, 1931, in the searing moment when she courageously meets the family doctor's grim diagnosis of her illness. The succeeding chapters trace the events of her life back from that moment of 1931, to her girlhood in 1894, in a chronological regression that continually deepens our understanding of her final strength. At the same time we are led forward by a curiosity to know just what her "story" was, to find out about the blighted romance that shadowed her early life.

It is a method peculiarly suited to Mr. Coxe's corrosive portrayal of character. In the first section of the book we meet most of the principal figures of Miss Sara's life. They are there in their final state of moral disintegration. They have already toppled from their niches in her inner temple. When she comes across her old love, Lucius Kent, at Rome in 1929, he is a grave Silenus in spats, with years of unscrupulously bought success behind him. It is consequently with a particular irony that we watch Lucius Kent, the young lover of 1894. We are enabled to take just such a double view of the others; of Miss Sara's father, the great Senator Cloud, with his lofty forehead, his rhetoric, and his high-flown hypocrisy; of weak, charming Roddy, her brother, who goes to Paris to become a painter.

Mr. Coxe knows all about these people, all about the rise and fall of the Cloud family in their town of Sparta. He can even put his finger on the exact moment when their decline began—a little while before Mrs. Cloud's death, and shortly after one of those Christmas family gatherings in the damask-walled drawing-room that had come to resemble nothing so much as a "reception at one of the minor German courts."

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An Unusual Collaboration

WHETHER A DOVE OR SEAGULL. Poems by Sylvia Townsend Warner and Valentine Ackland. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS volume has puzzled several critics, not because of the poetry but because of the intent. The book contains one hundred and twenty poems by two poets—one well-known, the other unknown—and none of the poems is signed or accredited to either author. "Why," some of the critics have inquired, "the lack of identifying names? Why the anonymity?"

The answer, I think, is furnished by the attitude of the two poets, by the tone of the poems themselves. The book is the result of a collaboration as logical as it is unusual. Two Englishwomen, two friends, Sylvia Townsend Warner and Valentine Ackland, have written in close association, with something of the same point of view, sometimes on the same object. To preserve this unity, the poems are presented together; but if they were signed, the verses of the younger and less assured poet, Valentine Ackland, would be in danger of being overshadowed by the work of Miss Warner, the somewhat older author and more famous craftsman. The reason for withholding the identification is obvious: it is to place the emphasis on the poem rather than on the poet. Such a procedure is rare but not new. The Brontë sisters, disguising themselves as Ellis, Acton, and Currer Bell, achieved something similar. So did the aunt and niece who published many volumes under the name "Michael Field." But no living poets have determinedly refused to identify themselves with their lines for the sake of the poem. It is a precedent which might be hard on the commercial publisher who needs the "pulling power" of names, but its employment might well lead to fewer volumes and better ones.

It would be unfair to attempt what the authors so definitely wish left undone—the fixing of each poem upon its author. Yet, to the careful reader of this volume, it will be fairly evident that two distinct personalities are engaged in revealing themselves rather completely. Both are as compelling as they are passionate. One is a mercurial, highly intuitive, swiftly agitated poet, swinging suddenly from blithe to bitter, from light to dark. The influence of Lawrence is occasionally here and, betrayed by the rush of rich syllables, Gerard Hopkins. The other is a less volatile poet, a singer whose luxuriant phrases are held and balanced by a restraining humor, a supple philosophy, even a half-sad, half-shy detachment. Though both poets use similar forms, it becomes evident that the dramatic lyric, the brief revelation, is characteristic of one, while the other is happiest in the more expansive verse which, though no longer lyric, is scarcely less intense. One need not name the poets to say that it is a fortunate reader who chances upon the sheer songs which begin "Wax pure as words and as malleable," "The cuckoo in the air," and "What must we do if we cannot do this?" And a new poet's reputation might be made or an older poet's prestige greatly increased by the printing of three such longer poems as the ones beginning "Wintry is this April, with endless whine," "How deep and dangerous this wood," and the extraordinary mingling of bold imagery and bolder irony in the untitled invocation which begins:

Father, most fatherly in our childishness,
Most comprehended in our errors,
Thyself ungirding of terrors
To wear on thy feastday a party dress,
And rustling to eternity in a blue silk petticoat
Stitched to thy praise by holy Mrs. Ferrers;
By thy trinity-blue sky, by thy rustling apparel
Of sheaved sea and wind-wallowed corn,
By all the roses thou hast worn,
With divine coquetry sweetening thy look
To catch man's eye,
By the going-forth of the processional sun,
By the banners thou hast spun,
Airy, and waved on high,
And by the children out of their barrel
Comforted and to the rote
Of life restored by Nicholas with the crook,
We implore thee with due hope
For the soul of thy servant, Joseph Staines Cope.

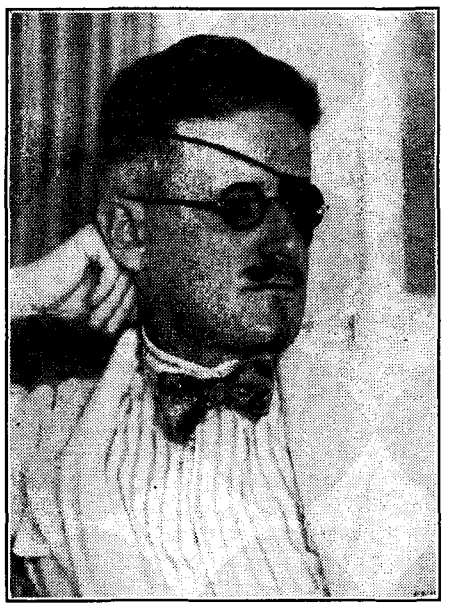
One other feature will have interest and some significance, especially to those who have always complained of "a certain condescension in foreigners." The title-page bears the dedication "To Robert Frost." It reminds us that another English poet, Edward Thomas, perhaps the most English of twentieth century poets, dedicated his first volume to the same American as a token of indebtedness, although there is a faction abroad which decries Frost's influence—I have heard a report that the dedicatory page to Frost was omitted from the reissue of Thomas's colloquially colorful poems. In the case of Sylvia Townsend Warner's and Valentine Ackland's book, the dedication is a tribute not so much to the person as to the spirit he represents. "Whether a Dove or Seagull" is animated with a similar love of earth, a quiet passion for the commonly neglected trivia of existence, and the same gift of observation heightened by imagination. It has two voices, but it speaks in one inflection and with one accord.

"Ulysses" in Its Epoch

(*Continued from first page*)

sense of cycles and cyclic repetitions that gave him an interest in Vico's philosophy.

He knows the people of his book and he knows the town he has put into his book. The itinerary of Dublin is in "Ulysses," and merely as an itinerary it is extraordinarily complete—there is the seashore and the city bridges, the lying-in hospital and the cemetery, the library and the brothel, the quay and the public garden, the newspaper office and the pub. Dublin is in Joyce's book, but, as I have said, it is the Dublin of an epoch that is closed. The epoch of "Ulysses" was pre-cinema, pre-motorbus. These elderly and young men, these women and girls abound in remi-



JAMES JOYCE
From a recent photograph

niscence of opera and musical play and fragments of public speeches. But the Dublin of today does not sing, does not lilt, does not quote from poems or orations. The days of the Carl Rosa opera are remote. The old theatres, the Queens and the Royal, are now cinema palaces, and the Gaiety no longer has an attendance of reminiscencing playgoers. The Dublin of "Ulysses" was opera-and-drama minded; the Dublin of today is more cinema-minded than any other city in Europe. And it is no longer contained within boundaries in which everybody could encounter everybody else: the old-time Dubliner is lost in the throngs who live in villages the names of which were used to evoke distance and a sense of pastoral charm by Stephen Dedalus's contemporaries, and are brought there and back by fleets of motor busses. In the Dublin of "Ulysses" the National Library and the office of the *Freeman's Journal* and *Evening Telegraph* were very important centres. But the National Library is no longer a resort of students—they have now to do their reading in the library of their university—and the *Freeman's Journal* with its evening edition has passed away and their place has been taken by the characterless *Independent.* It was in the offices of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Evening Telegraph* that Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus passed by each other: one journal represented the dignified, national-newspaper tradition, and the other carried on the tradition of Grub Street.

I say nothing about the change in its public which has been brought about through Dublin becoming a legislative as well as an administrative centre, through the growth of business and the connections with Europe made through ministries and trade agencies. All this would take me too far from the main topic. Nor do I say that the types celebrated in "Ulysses" are no longer to be encountered in Dublin. They are there and very much there, but now they are no longer the Dublin average and they are being displaced by different types.

Without knowing the Dublin of this closed epoch one cannot get the overtones of "Ulysses," particularly the comic overtones. For example, the chapter in which Bloom is driven out of the pub by the enraged aboriginal has additional humor through the voice that comes through the recital of the episode—the hoarse, growling speech of the slum dweller with adenoids. Every phrase carries over that speech and to get the full humor of it it has to be read aloud by someone who can imitate that speech. The nameless bum who relates the episode is no respecter of persons: Ulysses is a funny person to him, but the Cyclops who tries to overthrow him is funny too. "Will you have a drink, Citizen?" says Joe to the Cyclops. "I will, honorable person," is the reply, and the pseudo-Gaelicism of a literal translation of a first lesson in Irish has a humor that only those who knew the town at the time would be aware of.

They are a very strange tribe, the Dubliners of "Ulysses"—a people who are always ready to talk and give an account of themselves and their neighbors, a people of phenomenal leisure, up to many shifts. They all seem to be small-scale promoters with ideas of making money or improving their financial, intellectual, and physical conditions, ideas which will never be realized. They are constantly engaged in thinking out ways and means for getting "passes"—passes to the theatre or passes on the railway. They have a fund of cant phrases that fits every occasion. And there isn't a business man amongst them.

"Ulysses" is an anthology of literary forms, and of these, two, I am convinced, could never have been invented or exploited by anyone except a Dublin man of the closed epoch. One is the recital just alluded to, the recital of the bum with its zest and malice, and the other is its antithesis—the impersonal examination paper which defines the communication between Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom. Everybody in Ireland of Stephen Dedalus's standing went through examination after examination, and besides the secular examinations, there were, if the youth was a Catholic, theological examinations and catechizings. The youth of other European cities had to go into like scholastic trenches, but more was made of them in Dublin than anywhere else. The competition between the Catholic and Protestant schools, the pitting of one school against another, the publicity given to the attainment of scholastic distinctions at examinations—such made examination papers things written on the hearts and brains of the youth of Ireland. The Irish newspapers treated the intermediate and the matriculation examinations like horse-races and prize-fights, and the grooming of boys and girls for national championships was very public. James Joyce was one of the scholastic champions of his day. The traces of the

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY
From Augustus John's portrait. Mr. Gogarty has been identified as the prototype of Buck Mulligan in "Ulysses."

monstrous grind that was the scholastic career of a youthful Dubliner are in many parts of "Ulysses" and not merely in the extraordinary derivative of classroom and examination that is the penultimate chapter. The curious erudition that Stephen Dedalus constantly shows is simply the learning of a Jesuit-trained Dublin student who, by miraculous chance, was interested in the theological and secular text books required for the intermediate and university examinations and was able to make them a part of his singular mind.

* *

Padraic Colum and Joyce were students together in the Dublin of "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Mr. Colum says that despite that past they still remain good friends.

An Innocent Voyage

THE CRUISE OF THE "TEDDY." By Erling Tambs. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

"HAVING eaten our shoes and saddles, boiled down with a few wild herbs," wrote Magellan, disposing of a crisis in his voyage, "we set out to find the Kingdom of Gold."

Mr. and Mrs. Erling Tambs have shown this spirit. Newly married, they spent their money—all but a shilling and sevenpence—on a staunch 40-foot pilot cutter and sailed in her from Arendal, Norway, to see the sunny lands of their dreams. This was in 1928, and they are still "hull down on the out trail," even though the *Teddy* is no more. Leaving Auckland, N. Z., for realms to the eastward, she lost steerage-way in the grip of a savage, glassy current which hung her up on the southern spike of Challenger Island. The Tambs family (now numbering four) managed to escape, and the proceeds of Mr. Tambs's unusual book will help to finance a new craft and further voyaging.

During the past five years there have been other amazing small boat cruises, and three or four good books written about them, but the Tambs's voyage is unique in being the background for a growing family. Tony Tambs, born in the Canary Islands, joined his ship at the age of three weeks and has thriven on the life. At eighteen months he began deep-sea fishing over *Teddy's* bulwarks, and considerable mutual interest sprang up between himself and the sharks. "Te Arii no te Moana," a Tahitian girl called him—"A prince of the sea."

This family aspect of the yarn lends a deeper interest to Mr. Tambs's pleasant narrative of their sojourns in faraway ports and their adventures at sea. Many of the latter were near-catastrophes which might have been obviated by a bit more attention and forethought. Sailing without light-lists or even adequate charts, Mr. Tambs blithely steers through unfamiliar and perilous waters and on several occasions has kept out of the breakers only by the temporary mercy of Providence. None the less his long, venturesome passages, often accomplished in dirty weather, have been memorably successful.

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The BOWLING GREEN

A Trade Survey

OLD Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir Henry Colatine (a publisher) noted on January 10, 1934, that something had happened to the Depression. Sir Kenelm had grown quite fond of the Depression and is uncertain whether what will follow will be any more agreeable; but at any rate a new phase has begun. For the *Detroiter*, a train that leaves Grand Central at dinner time, was really quite lively. It was the first Digby-Colatine Trade Survey in some time; indeed, since Orion Howard Cheney gave the Book Industry the once-over two years ago no one has been able to catch the bashful creature's eye. Was the word "Industry" well chosen, some were beginning to wonder? But the reporter must not be diverted by side issues.

It was the first time dolorous old Digby had ridden a swell train since Repeal, and there was a thrill in being able to order a cocktail in the dining car. But the N. Y. Central's dining-service mustn't take too literally that motto—*The Water Level Route*—printed at the top of the Wine List. They let the Water Level rise much too high in their Oldfashioned Cocktails, which seemed very pallid to these two alumni of Old Overholt. Nor is this said in criticism of the steward, a gentle soul who admitted he had never drunk an oldfashioned in his life and mixes them according to a formula supplied by the commissariat. Also he is held accountable for every drop of spirits. But the Dining Service, if it has any regard for the philosophical trade, must reconsider its prescription for an Oldfashioned and voltage it up a little. It was also Colatine's notion that 15 cents is too much for a shot of bicarb. Like all publishers, he has twinges of enteric palsy late at night, which are painful and almost indistinguishable from the pangs of conscience.

Was it automobile salesmen returning to Detroit after the motor show that made the train quite throng? Once more the club car was a genial place; not just two or three moody gentlemen perpending the evening papers, but a merry group of celebrants with highballs. One, standing glass in hand, balanced gently to the sway of the train and wore a face of blessing. He was not noisy, just happy; his mind was at ease. It was pleasing to see him.

Not Detroit but Toronto was the goal of these two students. Sir Kenelm, trying to follow his resolution of seeing things with foreign eyes, was delighted to recognize a strong presentment of Englishry. The spat, for instance. Insurance becomes Assurance; Incorporated becomes Limited. Woollen socks and Gold Flake cigarettes; a strong desire on the part of gentlemen to wear evening dress as often as possible. Even, instead of briefcases, some of those miniature leather portmanteaus called "dispatch cases." In a spell of dark and foggy weather there was something of a London look in the streets. And what an enormous number of banks—all open and doing business. The *Mail and Empire*, a vigorous newspaper, says on its masthead that it is published "Every lawful morning." The visitor is startled to find in Toronto two of the biggest "departmental stores" in the world. No store in New York—nor anywhere else that I know of—can match the beautiful modernist auditorium and foyer of the T. Eaton Company. Seen at night, when there were evening dresses and many top hats, it was like grand opera. Sir Kenelm was enchanted; the scene confirmed his theory that in modern civilization the department store is the really effective powerhouse of æsthetics.

There is a sound psychology in the idea of putting those huge hairy hats on policemen; it makes them look even bigger than they are. Even a Canadian horse looks genuinely *habitant;* quite unlike a U. S. horse in the profile of his forehead. An infusion of moose? A headline in a mining paper startled Sir Kenelm. *"Canada Sells Out Its Dome."* Mining stock, of course; but at first he thought it meant the cavern in which we keep our thoughts. I mustn't sell out my dome, he reminded himself. My thoughts are all I have; must keep at least 51% control. He was sorry not to see any skating, the national ballet of Canada. Another sign, right in front of the Royal York Hotel, always caught his eye and gave him a tingle of sympathy—*Eddy's Tissues Are Sterilized.*

Sir Kenelm got a queer idea, somehow, that the city of Toronto does not quite realize that it has in its University one of the world's great resources. Mary Pickford's birthplace is all right, but in Hart House, a general social center for the men of the university, it has the most extraordinary single piece of cultural equipment I (I mean Sir Kenelm) had ever seen. Library, music room, theatre, gymnasium, swimming pool, dining hall, chapel, openings into every perspective of life, in one beautiful building. Mr. Bickersteth, the warden of Hart House (which was given to the university by Vincent Massey, former Canadian Minister in Washington) promised to send the Bowling Green a copy of the fine dedicatory inscription of his building. There should be a spiritual tout at the C. P. R. railway station telling every thoughtful visitor to beg an introduction to Hart House.

Sir Kenelm didn't have much time for exploring, and missed lots he would have liked to homage. But he paid his respects to two fine bookshops of the best tradition—Tyrrell's, and Britnell's. Mr. Tyrrell, dean of Toronto booksellers, is affectionately remembered for the thoughtful way he laid his hand upon the polished wood of an old bookcase which had served him over forty years. It has become part of his life and he loves it. The companionship between men and materials is not often so feelingly shown. Across the street young Roy Britnell, son of a famous bookseller, showed his callers a 1913 *Chance*, a grand *Moby Dick*, a copy of Kipling's *Seven Seas* with a letter laid in from R. K., written in 1897, about *Our Lady of the Snows.*

At a delightful dinner given by Mr. Gundy, head of the Canadian Branch of the Oxford University Press, there were eleven men at table. The suggestion was made that each, independently and with complete candor, should write down the title of a book he had always wished and intended to read but had never done so. The results were interesting. With the whole field of literature and human idiosyncrasy to range over, three titles were duplicated. Two wished to read *Ulysses*, two Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, two mentioned *Three Weeks*. The other works confessed as unread but still aspired to were: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Alice in Wonderland*, Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine, Jalna*, and *The Psalms of David*.—The conclusion of the matter was that no matter how famous a book may be there are always millions, even of diligent readers, who haven't got round to it.

KOUGLOFF AGAIN

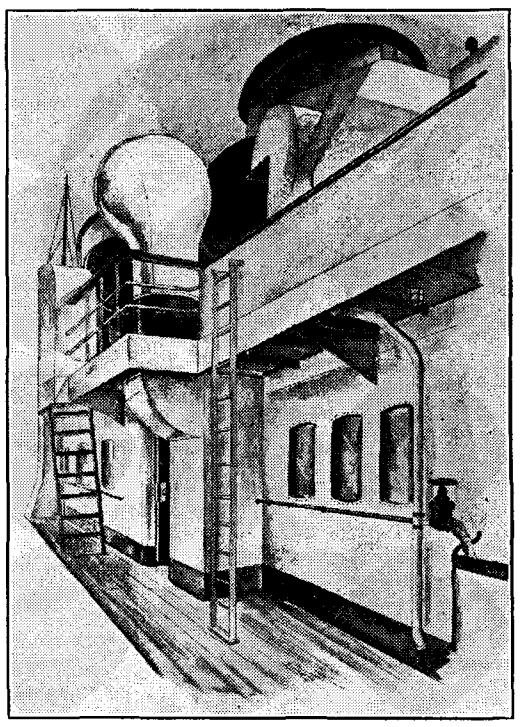
SIR: *Please* tell Mr Terence Holliday, for me and for everyone else who has ever immersed the tip of his slice of Kugelhupf in a cup of Nachmittagskaffee (real kugelhupf lovers won't care what Mr Street or anyone else says on this point, though some of them might weaken a little in favor of a small glass of kümmel)—won't you please, and fervently, *tell Mr Holliday* that his recipe ignores the very most endearing feature of your true Kugelhupf? I refer to the blanched almonds with which, before pouring in the dough, you should adorn the buttered sides of your mould—a fluted mould, by the way, with a sort of stovepipe up the middle—Because of course the best part of eating Kugelhupf is an absent-minded picking off and munching of the almonds when they are delicately browned and still warm—an ecstasy beside which the mere eating of the cake itself is a pale delight indeed.

A. G. R.

Central Park West, New York City.

ART DEPARTMENT

Our old friend W. S. H., hitherto the Green's favorite water-colorist of shipboard scenes, will be disturbed to learn that he has a rival in the talented Stuyvesant Van Veen. Mr. Van Veen allows us to reproduce here his "Havana Cruise," painted aboard S.S. *Orienta*. This is a charming addition to our collection of funnel-and-ventilator pictures.



"HAVANA CRUISE"
By Stuyvesant Van Veen

CULTURAL ELECTIVE

SIR: In the fall of 1918 I found myself in Ann Arbor, full of a desire to learn how ships are built. I followed the usual curriculum prescribed for freshmen, and the following year included with my more technical subjects what was known to the students as a Cultural Elective. The course was one in English Literature, and it was conducted by Raleigh Nelson, whose name was largely responsible for my choice of study. It was his thankless duty to inform some twenty of us, conscientiously hairy-necked engineering students, that there were other works in the English language than Boyd's *Strength of Materials.*

He was gentle, dark-eyed, and persuasive, and it was his habit to read to us in the classroom things which we would have passed by, even if they had been assigned to us for outside reading; Synge, Gissing, Morrison, Yeats, and others. He made them interesting enough for me to go to the big main library one day to get a copy of the *Tales of Mean Streets.* Someone else had it, but I met that afternoon a genuine booklover in the person of Frankie Goodrich, the associate librarian, who was slight, bald as an egg, and heavily bespectacled, but who had come by his glasses and his stooped shoulders in the honourable care of his treasures. Contemporary bindings were his particular passion.

When the circumstances of the visit were explained to him, he led the visitor through many miles of dusty tunnels. "Look at this!" he would say, pulling out for observation some precious great old yellowed volume, and would proceed to narrate the circumstances which had brought it there. It was during this initial prowling about that I discovered a title which sounded more than usually promising. It was the *Ivory, Apes and Peacocks* of James Huneker, and it was lugged back to my room that day.

Has a book ever made you drunk—sheer damned stamping focsle drunk with the reading of it? During the next two weeks I read all of the Huneker books in the library, the last of which I found standing on a shelf near the delivery desk which was used by the library staff to entice the unwary into taking with them books they had not come to get. Next to my desire (I think it was *Unicorns*) stood *Casuals of the Sea;* which also went home that night with me.

I had read Huneker with the utmost delight, but it was McFee who became the nucleus of my library, and it was for McFee's work that I left a standing order at Graham's bookstore. I fear I must have made an unholy nuisance of myself to all my acquaintances immediately after my own copy of *Casuals* arrived, and I know it was loaned so often (and read, too) that it is now all but falling out of its binding.

Much to the detriment of my scholastic standing, I read incontinently for the last three years of my college career, and when I left Ann Arbor there was a greater amount of space in my trunk occupied by my books than by my clothing. I sent most of them home, with the paper that announced I was entitled to all the rights and benefits pertaining to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, and went to New York, where I shipped as wiper in the *John Worthington*, one of those great, grey, greasy tankers which berth down at Constable Hook.

She was a fine ship, for just over my bunk was a channel deck beam just deep enough to allow vertical shelf space for the books which I had brought with me in the bottom of my sea bag: *Old Junk, An Ocean Tramp, Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, The Haunted Bookshop*, and a *Book of Common Prayer.* I do not suppose the young ladies in charge of the St. George branch of the New York Public Library remember the visits, at irregular intervals, of a sing larly untidy person in dirty dungar who wanted books to read during the and winter of 1922-23. He never was ask to pay for an overdue volume. He still has a very dirty copy of *Where the Blue Begins* which accompanied him on a voyage around the Horn. He was firing at that time, and it was not always possible to get his hands as clean as he would have liked before he turned in and started to read the book.

C. N. B.

Milwaukee, Wis.

E. R. (Kalamazoo, Michigan), who has been reading *Jack Robinson* by George Beaton, writes: "That man Beaton can make the wettest rain I ever read in a book, it made me worry all afternoon because the cistern hadn't been cleaned."

She adds a tribute to Sherlock Holmes which will please the Baker Street Irregulars:—

> Probably no character in fiction was ever loved or so universally known as Sherlock, and probably no other one character ever gave quite so much—courage and tolerance and joy. When everything else has gone stale and I have reached "the last ditch"—and it seems as if I must plunge out of my slough of desperation and futility, I can talk it out with Holmes and Dr. Watson in Baker St.—and go away laughing at my folly and weakness.

W. S. H., secretary of the Baker Street Irregulars, has allowed us to look over the minutes of the first meeting of the club. Among other business it appears that the matter of an official toast was discussed. It was agreed that the first health must always be drunk to *"The* Woman." Suggestions for succeeding sentiments, which will have their own overtones for all genuine Holmesians, were:—"Mrs. Hudson," "Mycroft," "The Second Mrs. Watson," "The game is afoot!" and "The second most dangerous man in London."

Also agreed that the club rooms must be exactly seventeen steps up, and the first furnishings to be a gasogene and a tantalus.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The New Books

Biography

ROMAN ROUNDABOUT. By Amelie Posse-Brazdova. Dutton. 1934. $3.

Mme. Brazdova's account of life in Rome and its environs is pleasant but undistinguished. Her narrative is filled with homely details, accounts of the city and its surroundings, of rambles, visits, domestic happenings, with a succession of personalities passing through its chronicle and the buildings and streets of Rome or the lovely hills of the outlying countryside to give it setting. She and her artist husband had a large circle of acquaintances, men and women whose work or profession brought them opportunity in many directions, and their world as a result was one of varied interests. Her book wanders about among persons and places informally, preserving a personal note throughout.

A. L.

Commercial Art

MODERN PUBLICITY (1933-1934). *Edited by F. A. Mercer and W. Gaunt. New York: The Studio Publications.* 1933. $4.50.

This Studio publication is a demonstration through pictures of the best kinds of advertising during the past year, "the envelopment of the goods in some desirable atmosphere, the association of pleasurable emotions with them." Economically the vast growth of advertising has been anything but a blessing, but in so far as it has fostered the inventiveness of good draughtsmen, encouraged poster art, photography, and both realistic drawing and abstract design, it has stimulated work of intrinsic beauty by many artists. There can be no doubt of that, if one glances through this large book. There is some sort of graphic beauty on almost every page. The sections of the volume comprise about forty pages of posters, almost thirty of booklets, an illustrated essay on advertising by A. Tolmer (of that beautiful book, "Mise en Page"), some ten pages on packaging, and about twenty-five on press advertising. Tolmer, in discussing "a fine dress for what you sell," avers that those studying packaging "must get rid of the blinkers formerly worn by technicians in all trades." A printer used to remain a printer, or even further, he specialized as a lithographer or a typographer. Nowadays we must use everything that comes to hand when we are preparing a display. Color, form, and material today are, as never before, susceptible to a whole scale of new effects. This book should be in every advertising office.

W. R. B.

Fiction

BUSINESS AS USUAL. By Jane Oliver and Ann Stafford. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. $2.

No doubt this story will find numerous friends among booksellers (*Trade Winds* please copy), as it involves the career of a Scottish girl who gets a job selling books in a London department store. Her experiences are amusingly told in a series of letters which she writes to her fiancé and her family. Nothing much happens, but Hilary is an attractive girl, and is entertaining about her run-ins with department heads and dissatisfied customers (most of them seem to be British schoolmistresses who were sent sex novels by mistake when they ordered Victorian memoirs.) Her attempts to live on £2:10 a week are likewise good fun. The drawings by Ann Stafford are as amusing as Hilary's letters, which they illustrate; altogether it's a very nice book, and may be recommended to all who do not share a certain prejudice which seems to exist among American readers against light, unpretentious, English humor.

G. S.

Miscellaneous

SCARLET TO M. F. H. By Cecil Alden. Scribner's. 1933. $7.50.

Some of us will rejoice, and others will be amazed to hear that in England at any rate, and the reviewer believes this would obtain over here, there has been an increase in fox hunting since the war; this despite heavier taxation and therefore on a more modest scale with smaller studs, etc. As author and illustrator of that delightful book for novices which veterans may also enjoy. "Rat Catcher to Scarlet," Mr. Alden puts before the British and American fox hunting public a worthy sequel in "Scarlet to M. F. H." We liked the dedication, "To those good sportsmen who have much enthusiasm but little money." And Mr. Alden is as good as his word in this respect. He remembers the all important pocketbook in everything from the purchase of a string of hunters to "walking" the puppy hounds and dress (though he admits that one cannot and must not economize in riding kits). His information and opinions on the sport are distinctly up to date, and the contents decidedly readable, not being divided and sub-divided into innumerable chapters but being presented under five distinguishable headings. From personal experience he has gathered certain common sense facts regarding field and kennel as well as the chase itself that are invaluable, and always will be as long as the sport of our ancestors persists. The readers of the earlier book will find much repeated here, but these later chapters do succeed creditably in bringing a young sportsman, but not a beginner, up to the time "when he may himself contemplate taking over the Mastership of a pack of fox-hounds, harriers or beagles."

E. L. V. A.

Travel

TRUE NORTH. By Elliott Merrick. Scribners. 1933. $2.75.

Much of the charm of this book comes from the fact that it is so utterly naive. Mr. Merrick was a Beta at Yale, went in for sports, became a newspaperman after graduation, later went into publicity, got

(*Continued on following page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TWO O'CLOCK COURAGE *Gelett Burgess* (Bobbs Merrill: $2)	Amnesia victim in blood-stained suit has hard time persuading himself and world he didn't kill man.	Story chases its tail at times but action, detection, and characters are up to best quality snuff.	Engaging
BOMBAY MAIL *Lawrence G. Blochman* (Little, Brown: $2)	Governor of Bengal foully poisoned on train and all important passengers pass before laconic Inspector Prike.	Geared in high throughout, with much action, sufficient local color and passable writing.	Zippy
MR. DEATH *Carlton Wallace* (Crime Club: $2)	Pay or die racket in London. Scotland Yard stuff. Movies dragged in.	Readable if you just want murder and don't require reasonable development of solution.	Lacks lots
THE MANUSCRIPT MURDER *George Limnelius* (Crime Club: $2)	Sir Oscar Horton, after figuring in friend's mystery novel, is thrice murdered on bridal night. MS of novel almost leads police to hang wrong man.	Psychological methods too complex for hoary melodramatic plot. Excellent idea wasted on mediocre story, conventional characters.	Just fair

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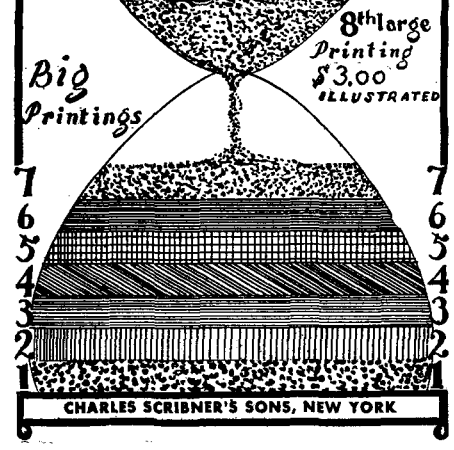

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

sick of it all, and then had something happen to him.

"One muggy night just before a thunderstorm, I sat up in bed and hammered my fist on the wall and screamed in my mind, 'I'm getting out.'" He got out. He went to Labrador, taught at the Grenfell Mission a while, married, and took his bride on a long fall and winter trip up the Grand River, traveling with trappers, and leading the life of a trapper. "True North" is the result.

One might expect the book to be about the true north,—or even about Labrador. It really isn't. It is about Elliott Merrick and how he discovered that city life isn't all it is cracked up to be, that the outdoor life in Labrador, full of hard labor, is the only real life, that the out of doors is full of nature's noblemen. Eternally he preaches on that theme,—with slight variations. "The primitive hard life seems to produce character as civilized existence cannot." He writes about a Labradorman: "One cannot convince him of the inferiority of the people from far away."

Why should one try to convince him of the inferiority of the people from far away? Evidently the naiveté that is apt to go with being a Beta at Yale, and a publicity man later, cannot be dropped by pounding on the wall just before a thunderstorm.

But if the author's lack of maturity robs the book of any real importance it might have had, it also gives it a great deal of charm. Obviously Merrick has a sensitive and really fine nature that never had a chance while he tried to conform to the "normal city life." Put that nature into brand new surroundings, where a man is forced to form his own opinions instead of accepting those of others, and it is apt to make discoveries. To the credit of Elliott Merrick be it said that he had the courage to go out on the trail with men who were by far his superiors in the country to which he went (a qualification that he neglects when he talks about the inferiority of city people), and that he willingly and wholeheartedly set out to learn from its people and to hold his own as far as humanly possible. He was the finest kind of a tenderfoot to have along; may he go again, as he hopes to. E. H.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archeology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

BELLES LETTRES

Collected Essays, Papers, etc. of Robert Bridges. Oxford Univ. Pr. $1.

BIOGRAPHY

Cardinal Newman and William Froude. G. H. Harper. Johns Hopkins. Pr. $2. *William Guggenheim.* G. Williams. New York: Lone Voice Publishing Co. *Mark Twain, Son of Missouri.* M. M. Brashear. Univ. of North Carolina Pr. $3. *Letters to a Pagan.* L. Hearn. Detroit: Robert Bruna Powers. $6.

HISTORY

The Comanche Barrier to South Plains Settlement. R. N. Richardson. Glendale, Calif.: Clark. $6. *The Portuguese Pioneers.* E. Prestage. Macmil. $4. *Plantation Slavery in Georgia.* R. B. Flanders. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $3.50. *Relation of the Voyage to Port Royal in Acadia or New France.* Toronto: Champlain Society.

LOEB CLASSICS

Loeb Classical Library. Jerome: *Select Letters,* trans. F. A. Wright. *Diodorus of Sicily. I,* trans. C. H. Oldfather. Arrian: *History of Alexander and Indica. II,* trans. E. I. Robson. Athenæus: *The Deipnosophists,* trans. C. B. Gulick. *Sextus Empiricus. I,* trans. R. G. Bury. Putnam. $2.50 each.

MISCELLANEOUS

Character Education in Soviet Russia. E. W. Clark Trow. Ann Arbor Press. *American Wines and How to Make Them.* P. M. Wagner. Knopf. $2. *More Fun in Bed.* Ed. F. Scully. Simon. *Blindness and the Blind in the United States.* H. Best. Macmil. $6.50. *The Annual of the American Schools of Oriental Research.* Vol. XIII. American Schools of Oriental Research (Yale Univ. Press). *Cactus.* L. A. Armer. Stokes. $1.50.

PAMPHLET

An Historical Approach to the World Problems of Today. F. S. Rodkey. Urbana, Ill.: Urbana Courier Co. 25 cents.

RELIGION

Discipleship. L. D. Weatherhead. Abingdon. $1. *The Gospels According to the Eastern Version.* Translated from the Aramaic by G. M. Lamsa. Philadelphia: Holman. *Vital Control.* L. H. Hough. Abingdon. $2.

TRAVEL

Travel by Air, Land and Sea. H. H. Webster. Houghton: $2.

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Round About Parnassus

IF there are but few books of poetry before me this week that seem much above the average of contemporary verse-writing, one reason would seem to be that the amount of verse-writing that is now being done in the United States is larger than ever before; and if the layman could run through the number of small poetry magazines and small volumes of verse that constantly crowd in upon me he would be astonished by the amount of printed matter in versified form. Take a copy of Henry Harrison's *Poetry World,* for instance. Even though it appears sometimes with three issues merged in one (as in Vol. 5, Nos. 1, 2, 3 now before me—not the latest issue), this one contains by actual count seventy-five poems of various lengths. Frances Frost's *American Poetry Journal,* a far better publication, runs to a dozen or fifteen poems a month, the January number of *Kaleidograph,* "A National Magazine of Poetry," contained thirty poems, and a new literary magazine which has reached me from Athens, Ohio, *Manuscript,* has at least seven poems among its contributions. These are but a few random instances of the multiplicity of magazines featuring poetry, that drift in from all parts of the country. The sum total of poems printed in current periodicals every month, including those mentioned, must be enormous.

At the same time many small presses put out a large group of books of poetry each season. The books of verse reviewed in newspaper supplements on newspaper book-pages and in semi-literary journals constitute but a small fraction of the seasonal output. All the reviewing media seem able to do is to pick what they conceive to be the very best of the crop, or the best for purposes of news, and submit them to critical analysis. After all, they have not the space at their disposal to do much more than this. Therefore, though this department is constantly aware of its duty to contemporary poets, it cannot but sympathize with the editorial problem. If I were actually able every week to read thoroughly line for line all the printed verse that came before me every week, to say nothing of the verse in manuscript which I have to read and pass upon, it would take my entire time as an editor. Also, it would be bound to make me a bad commentator on current verse. For to tell the truth a major portion of the current output is extremely mediocre. Too much reading of that sort of thing makes the mind stodgy and comatose. This is not said peevishly. It happens to be the exact truth. There is also a good deal of work that reaches a certain adequate level but never rises above it. The same is true, of course, in the field of the contemporary novel, and doubtless in other fields. But every once in a while I feel it necessary to explain why I apparently give such short shrift to many books of verse. It is the easiest thing in the world to poke fun at the worst—but I prefer this department to be a running survey of the best of the crop and a listing of the others.

A Too Facile Poet

Benjamin Musser's is a name that has occurred more and more constantly in magazines of verse, and his latest volume, "Poems 1930-1933," is published by The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. I knew that he was a voluminous poet, but I was astonished by the number of books to his credit listed on the flyleaf. There are no less than twenty-seven! Of these there are two in which he is co-author, two in which his function was that of compiler, and several which are probably dissertations upon poetry—but even so! The present volume is a selection from certain of his more recent work. With the subtitles of his sections he has done a curious thing. He has taken each title (with note as to attribution) from some well-known volume of a better-known poet—using, for instance, *Hervey Allen's* "Earth Moods," *Elinor Wylie's* "Angels and Earthly Creatures," *George Dillon's* "Boy in the Wind," *Babette Deutsch's* "Honey Out of the Rock." While this device is perfectly open and aboveboard in its use (even the publishers of the volumes are given), I cannot feel that it is fortunate, or that the listing of numerous dedicatees to each section and other notes do not furnish impedimenta one would just as gladly have had absent. But this is mere technical detail of book-making. We come upon the poems themselves. I have read this work with care, and I am disappointed. Even the best poems seem to be obstructed by an inevitable prosiness, something made up of an imperfect ability to choose the right words, an imperfect feeling for rhythm, a danger of banality imperfectly resisted. Unfortunately I can illustrate this all too easily. Take, quite at random, "Help the Blind!"

Let us be done with lovers' fury,
Jealousy's green without alloy;
Let us, being both judge and jury,
Blind the bow-boy.

You cannot possibly use the word "alloy" in this way, either for sense, or for sound, apparently to rhyme with "Bow-boy," and as for real rhythm, where is it? Take, again at random, "To Young Rebel Poets,"

As relay racers take from each
And pass on to another
The guerdon, go, and let it reach
From brother on to brother, etc.

This is just plain bad verse. Let what reach? The guerdon. A guerdon—favorite word of young poets—is simply a reward. But it sounds as if it were a tow-rope.

That is—true!—Mr. Musser's worst—but I have searched in vain for a poem of his that is quite free from some choice of words that grinds upon the mind like the shriek of a slate-pencil upon the ear. He simply does not work hard enough at his craft. He has facility, too great facility.

An Older Writer

Arthur Stringer is a veteran Canadian writer both of prose and verse. Now from the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis comes his "Dark Soil," in free verse. He has included in the book some of the poems from his previous volume, "Open Water." Some of these poems might have interested the late Stephen Crane. But part of the force of such free verse poems as Crane's was their brevity. Besides, Mr. Stringer cannot quite eschew rhyme; as it is, he slides into it every now and again. But the following is my reason for what may be thought the extravagant statement that Stephen Crane, one of our greatest writers, might have been interested in this book:

Philosophies

The cell seemed very dark
And as I groped about in a daze,
Exploring unfriendly walls
And the steel bars bastioned in stone,
Something fragile and small
Crunched under my feet.
When I stopped and stooped low
I found on the granite floor
A little heap of cherry-stones,
Carved cherry-stones,
Patiently tooled and polished
By a lifer who'd lived and died
With so little to do and know
In the darkness.

Crane could have condensed that to even greater effectiveness, but he would have liked the content. The difference between Mr. Stringer and a good many minor free-verse writers is that he has lived long enough and worked hard enough to have something to say. It is not that his technical proficiency greatly exceeds theirs. "The Shadow," for instance, says something profoundly true and unsentimental. "Faces" is a poem dipped in experience. At other times the trite expression of thought overcomes him, or he becomes pedestrian; and it is true that his free verse is, taking the book as a whole, more monotonous than pliant. His "Afterword," a prose explanation of his position, is interesting in its reprinting of an earlier view of free verse in the light of today.

Of course the fact is that poetry has now taken even another twist and turn. The most modern poets are no longer much concerned with form; what they are concerned with is a highly intellectual content, a most subtly psychological and allusive approach. Their experiments along these lines have led them into mystifications but the leaders are sincere.

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"TELL YOUR FORTUNE, LADY"

WE have *R. H. S. of Worcester, Mass.*, to thank for losing a half hour from our work most delightfully. For when we came upon his request for books on palmistry and character reading, there popped into our head in that inconsequential way odds and ends of past reading have of springing to mind, the scene in JANE EYRE in which Mr. Rochester plays the gypsy crone, taking advantage of his disguise to tell the character of his guests and foretell their fortunes. We haven't read JANE EYRE for years, so we thought it wise to refresh our memory of the incident. And the moment we opened the book we were lost; we found ourself slipping from one chapter to another, uneasily aware that we hadn't time to spend on the tale, and quite unable to lay it aside until we had renewed acquaintance with certain of its episodes. Only the sternest resolution holds us to our writing now, for we are panting for an opportunity to read the novel through from start to finish. Melodrama and outdated modes of expression can't rob it of its vitality.

Having thus by way of introduction to research in palmistry ambled into the field of fiction, we turned next to THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA to try to arrive at a few facts. From that source we discovered that chiromancy was an ancient art, known to the Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews, and cultivated by Plato, Aristotle, Antiochus, and Ptolemy among others. It is the stepsister of chirognomy, which is an attempt to discover man's tendencies through the form of his hands and fingers. If R. H. S. wants to go to the best-known authority on this subject he should read Cheiro's YOU AND YOUR HAND (Doubleday, Doran). This is a volume which has become more or less standard in its field. Another work which will give him information is Hamon's FATE IN THE MAKING (Harper). And when he has consulted these two authorities, he will find that he has only gone to one, for they are one and the same.

OF PUBLISHING, CONVERSATION, ETC.

We have a sort of omnibus letter from *E. A. L. of Louisville, Ky.*, starting in with an inquiry on bookselling and publishing, passing on to a request for suggestions as to how to improve both oral and written style, and ending with an appeal for help in the selection of histories of English literature. To take up his opening inquiry first. Though it already seems in the distant past, it is only a short time ago that the publishing world was agog over the study which was being made of itself, a survey that neglected no corner of the industry. The Cheney investigation, while it lasted, furnished an unfailing topic of discussion wherever the publishing hosts foregathered, and the report by Mr. O. H. Cheney, when it appeared under the title ECONOMIC SURVEY OF THE BOOK INDUSTRY (National Association of Book Publishers), was passed from hand to hand in every publishing house in the land. It constitutes the most exhaustive and enlightening account of the book business as it is now organized in this country that is available. If E. A. L. wants to attack his subject seriously we advise him to read it carefully. Another work which he should find useful is F. A. Mumby's PUBLISHING AND BOOKSELLING (Bowker). Robert L. Duffus not so long ago published a volume entitled BOOKS, THEIR PLACE IN A DEMOCRACY (Houghton Mifflin) which is interesting as reflecting the tastes of the reading public. In this connection, as a means of getting an insight into methods of marketing books, E. A. L. might read E. Haldeman-Julius's THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION (Simon & Schuster). Bearing more specifically upon bookstore problems are Madge Jennison's SUNWISE TURN: THE HUMAN COMEDY OF BOOKSELLING (Dutton), and Ruth Brown Park's BOOKSHOPS AND HOW TO RUN THEM (Doubleday, Doran). And, if E. A. L. is a novice and wants a brief, simple introduction to the field before embarking on longer discussions, he might supply himself with the five pamphlets which the National Association of Book Publishers distributes gratis and which cover bookstore advertising, publicity, and window display. Nothing, we think, is more instructive or more enthralling than the personal experiences of leaders in a profession or industry, and for that reason we suggest that E. A. L. extend his reading to include such volumes as the late Ambassador Page's A PUBLISHER'S CONFESSION (Houghton Mifflin), a discussion of practical problems which was originally published anonymously, and MEMORIES (Dutton), by J. M. Dent, the English publisher. While we're speaking of England we mustn't fail to mention one of the most instructive of all the books in its field, Stanley Unwin's THE TRUTH ABOUT PUBLISHING (Houghton Mifflin). This is written from the point of view of the British publisher but its general discussion is pertinent to the trade anywhere. Finally, before we take up the second of E. A. L.'s inquiries we mustn't forget to tell him that the H. W. Wilson Company issues a pamphlet entitled THE BOOKMAN'S READING AND TOOLS, by Halsey William Wilson, which contains lists of books that are professional implements.

When it comes to advising, as E. A. L. asks, on the subject of "improvement of writing ability and ability to express oneself both orally and by the written word," a stupendous field opens up. From the days of Aristotle's POETICS to the present, counsel has been forthcoming as to what constitutes distinction in writing, and it is still an open question how much style can be taught by direct instruction and precept. The only way to write is to write, and to tear up, and to write, and to tear up again, and then to write, and to write, and to write until something pruned and delicately wrought is achieved. There are, of course, hundreds of books on writing, from grammars up to philosophical treatises. If E. A. L. has not as yet done so he should study carefully some good rhetoric like Hill's or G. R. Carpenter's, or Barrett Wendell's ENGLISH COMPOSITION, in order to master general principles of writing (many of which he will afterward have to forget if he wants to achieve excellence). There are certain books, like Lubbock's CRAFT OF FICTION (Scribner's) and A WRITER'S NOTES ON HIS CRAFT (Doubleday, Doran), by C. E. Montague, which the most finished literary artist will always read with delight and profit. But the most fruitful reading that any potential writer can engage in is the reading of other writers whose own work has achieved that quality which stamps it as literature. As to the acquiring of fluency and distinction in oral expression, that is an even more ticklish business to attempt to generalize about than the perfecting of a written style. Some people are born with a sense for words and some have to strive for it, and that seems to be about the long and the short of it. Reading may make a full man, but it does not always make an eloquent one, and many a happy conversationalist seldom reads more than the daily paper. On the other hand, there is no denying that a rigid attention to vocabulary, a determination to use words with precision and to eschew slang and repetition, can lift speech from the commonplace to the effective. As in acquiring fluency in a foreign tongue, one of the first essentials to success is lack of self-consciousness. Most of the youth of our land speak without any attempt at rich vocabularies largely because to use well-chosen language is to subject themselves to the ridicule of their fellows as affected or high-brow. A nice appreciation of words can be cultivated, and to the extent at least of causing careful selection of epithet and phrase can be made to lend distinction to speech. But it's all a great mystery, and as we pause to run over in our mind the conversation of some of our acquaintances we are forced to the conclusion that some of those among them whose address is habitually the most excellent have little interested themselves in literature or reading, and never consciously give a thought to the form of what they are saying.

We've rambled along at such length that we have little space left to discuss *E. A. L.'s* request for histories of English literature, from before Elizabethan times to and including, as much as possible, the present. But then we don't need much space, for what he wants is, except for the immediate record, to be found in THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Macmillan). That work (at least in its original edition) will furnish bibliographies on all periods if E. A. L. wishes to go more exhaustively into the stream of letters than its own chronicle permits.

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RECAPITULATION of recent Reading. Funniest play, Abie's Irish Rose; funniest jingle, Simple Simon; funniest song, The Big Bad Wolf; funniest book, Abraham Simon Wolf Rosenbach's "Books and Bidders"; funniest part of the book, Edmond Spenser inscribing Faerie Queene to Elizabeth Boyle four years before meeting her. Silliest stuff, Leslie Hotson's article in June Atlantic about "Shake-speare's" signatures. Finest Guess-work, Tucker Brooke's "Yale Shakespeare." George Frisbee.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY wrote: "It needs infinite research to satisfy my ideas of thoroughness: for I have NEVER given a SECOND-HAND opinion of any thing, or book, or person." How many professors of Elizabethan literature DARE print that? George Frisbee.

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The Fifteenth Colophon

THE Fifteenth number of the *Colophon* is at hand, containing as usual a varied array of matters grave and gay, set forth in equally varied typographic dress. It seems hardly necessary to repeat what has already been said often in this column as to the value and interest of this quarterly: it is to be hoped that many readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* are also readers of the *Colophon*.

The list of contributors to this issue includes my collaborator, John T. Winterich, who writes on the Unsubstantial Character of Fame as it has affected the life of the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother;" Lawrance R. Thomas, on "Longfellow's Projected Sketch Book of New England;" Josiah K. Lilly, who has an intimate account of the collection of Stephen C. Foster's music at Foster Hall; Janet Camp Buck, with the story of Rossetti and his buried poems; Stephen Vincent Benét, and an account of his first book of poems; Robert P. Eckert, Jr., with the story of James G. Percival and his library; Percy H. Muir, on Thomas Moore's Irish Melodies; and Geoffrey T. Hellman, on Book Collecting. There is a wood cut—"A Charleston Window"—by Charles W. Smith, and the cover design is by Jack Tinker.

The printers are as usual numerous and the quality of their work is pretty uniformly good. There is the usual variety in typographic treatment, but no aberrations to distract the reader.

R.

La Reine Pedauque

AT THE SIGN OF THE QUEEN PEDAUQUE, by Anatole France. Chicago, for the Limited Editions Club. 1933.

THIS is, in many ways, as handsome an edition of Anatole France's story as one is likely to meet with. Mr. Kittredge of the Lakeside Press has used one of the most beautiful of modern types—and an appropriate one: the presswork is good, if a little sparing in impression; the pictures have been carefully printed; and the binding is attractive. If one were to quarrel with the printing, it would be on the grounds—familiar to most readers of modern fine editions—that the book is too big. The long lines of type are not too easy to follow across the meadow of the page. Save for this one adverse criticism, the book is a beautifully executed one.

The pictures by Sylvain Sauvage are more than ordinarily competent illustrations, and there are an ample number of them, twenty-two water colors. These pictures were given place in the five awards made earlier in the year by the Limited Editions Club for book illustrations, and I hope that Mr. Macy will conduct a voting contest later on to find out how his subscribers like the precedence which the judges decided upon! There can be little doubt, however, that M. Sauvage has done an excellent job. And the reproductions are very skilfully rendered in color offset.

The book will rank as one of the handsomest which the Club has issued.

R.

Rowland E. Robinson

CENTENNIAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF ROWLAND E. ROBINSON: I. Uncle Lisha's Shop, A Danvis Pioneer. Rutland: Tuttle Co. 1933. $2.50.

UNDER the general editorship of Professor Llewellyn R. Perkins, of Middlebury College, there is to be issued a complete and definitive edition of the work of Rowland E. Robinson in seven volumes to sell at the modest price of two dollars and a half each. The contents will include not only Robinson's familiar stories, but some hitherto unpublished material, and reproductions of his work as a draughtsman. Each volume will have an introduction by well-known Vermonters.

Robinson's particular country was the Champlain Valley, where he was born a hundred years ago. He undertook to portray in prose the stories of his childhood and earlier, stories which have been read and liked by innumerable Vermonters and many others. If not of the first class, his work did vivify the legends and the traditions of western Vermont. Uncle Lisha, Sam Lovell, "Ann Twine" and the rest of his characters are very real persons to readers whose memories antedate the radio and the automobile; and there are many corners of the Green Mountain state where the countryside and even the conditions of life have changed but little, and where the frontier seems still close at hand. It is the potent lure of the frontier which, I suppose, makes these stories of Robinson's good reading now.

The present volume contains two of his stories, introduced by a Foreword by Professor Pattee of Rollins College and an Introduction by Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher. There is a reproduction of a photograph of Uncle Lisha's Shop, and several of Robinson's very stiff wood engravings—Noon on the Farm, Fox Hunting in New England, Tapping the Trees, etc.

The printing is fairly well done, though one could wish that a little more style had been given this final setting. Lovers of Robinson will welcome the opportunity to obtain his work in this definitive form, and it is probable that new admirers will be attracted. It is a publishing venture well worth while.

R.

Hand Printed Books

BRIEF INTERLUDES. By Ralph Bradford. Washington. 1933.

THIS is a slim octavo, printed on greenish paper, and bound in matching color of linen crash, with paper labels. The typography is good but not distinguished. Ninety-seven copies have been printed by Harry Richards.

What chiefly interests me about this book, and makes it worth mentioning here, is that it was printed on a hand-press by an employee of the Government Printing Office in a style as unlike that of the G. P. O. as can well be imagined. The inane and tasteless typography of the G. P. O. will have to give way to something more in harmony with the finer traditions of printing if its workmen take up hand-press printing and go to Pittsburgh to work in the Typographic Laboratory.

AN ARRAY FOR ONE, by Kenneth White, and NO TOMORROW AND JANUARY THAW, by Eugene Armfield. New York: Jaynet and Alan Holden at the Cassowary Press. 1933.

SO far as I know, these are the first fruits of the Cassowary Press. They are thin quartos, set in Poliphilus type and printed on the hand-press. Type and composition are simple and well handled, but I would suggest to the printers that it is a mistake to use machine-made paper on a hand-press, since it is so easily possible to use dampened hand-made; also, a somewhat more decorative treatment of the page is desirable. A study of Kelmscott and Ashendene Press work, not with the idea of imitation but for an understanding of what can be done on the hand-press, would suggest ways in which the remarkable flexibility of the hand-press could be used.

R.

ERRATUM

The editor's note accompanying the verse, "Super-Power Carl," which appeared in *The Compleat Collector* of January 13, gave the misleading impression that the poem was written anonymously. The intention was to reprint it here anonymously, but not to disguise the fact that it had previously appeared in a privately printed version, with the name of the author on the cover. To avoid further confusion, we may say that the author is Henry Davenport, formerly Assistant Professor of Art in the Yale School of Fine Arts.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Why did Old Quercus grumble and grutch ☞At books and telephone calls and such? ☞Perhaps he ate and drank too much. ☞Soft and peevish, dim of eye ☞He watched a thousand books go by ☞Worried about his waxing paunch ☞And then—he read of the *Bounty's* launch. ☞Bread, two ounces; water, a gill ☞Blood of the sea-birds they can kill. ☞These the rations to keep them fat. ☞1200 leagues they sailed on that ☞In storm and starving, kept afloat ☞Forty-one days in an open boat. ☞There's a book for the gelatine-spined ☞Who sit all day on a soft behind. ☞Frank and true and salt as sin ☞This Is Where the Guts Begin. ☞So read, to cure a bilious flux ☞*Men Against the Sea* (2 bucks).

☞Mr. W. W. Norton, the sagacious publisher (but his handwriting is not as legible as the excellent books he sponsors) begins his Ten-Year-Catalogue congenially to Old Quercus by announcing *A Guide to Civilized Loafing* (by Professor Overstreet). ☞And then immediately follows it with *The Science of Work* by Professor Viteles. ☞Why did the usually tasteful Random House shimmy up *Ulysses* with a lot of giant initials as decoration? The book is too big for typographical gewgaws and scrimshaws. ☞The old problem of steamer-presents arises in full force. Our friend Dr. Samuel Feigin, of the psychopathic ward at Bellevue, reports several severe cases of biblio-duplication on a recent voyage to Italy in S.S. *Rex*. ☞The Dr. himself received 2 copies of *Italy on 50 Dollars*, but a fellow-passenger, Mr. Primoff, opened *four* Bon Voyage packages each containing *Anthony Adverse*. Another voyager had duplicates of Galsworthy's *One More River*. All was adjusted eventually by tactful swapping. ☞Will Dr. Feigin, whose intuition as psychiatrist we greatly admire, suggest a treatment for this social problem? ☞Speaking of shipboard reading, that bird of brightly lit nights, the Phœnix, tells us what the lady in the stateroom (Miss Claudia Morgan) is reading aloud in the play *False Dreams, Farewell*. She is said to be reading to "improve her mind," for the sake of her lover. The literature that proves too much for her is—the Diary of Samuel Pepys.

☞"Ayrshire Lad" writes from Winsted, Conn., to remark that Cutty Sark whiskey was named not only for the clipper ship but also for the girl's bobtail shift in Burns's poem. "A fine quality of good whiskey," says he delightfully, "also distinguished the only garment worn by the damsel who roused Tam's enthusiasm—no hang-over." ☞But the label of that famous whiskey carries a picture of the ship—not of the shirt. ☞The Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University remarks: "Members taking notes on lectures are asked to make as little disturbance with turning leaves and rattling paper as is note-takingly possible." ☞E. P. writes that she is collecting the various booklets sent out on the Arts of Drinking; the high spots of her garner are *Beer in the Home*, which may be had from Colonel Jake Ruppert's brewery, N. Y., and *Notes for an Epicure* by the Libbey Glass Mfg. Co. of Toledo. ☞She says she's looking for a choice brochure on Whiskey, which is her own specialty. ☞With painful twinge Old Quercus considers how much free advertising he gives Merchants in Other Lines . . . but do they ever give Books a ride? ☞One of the Mermaids has been admiring a pencil Quercus had on his desk, one of those grand thick-leaded drawing pencils (with a little thread to tease off the paper casing). ☞A Blaisdell 616 T, to be precise. ☞"I'm going to get one like that," she cried, "if I have to hunt all over town." ☞We wondered why the sudden enthusiasm. ☞"It would make a perfect eyebrow pencil," she said.

☞Which brings us to the second installment of W. S. H.'s *Review of Jackets*, begun last week. Chapter 2 herewith:

Publishers sometimes find it expedient to have a book's jacket ready well in advance of the book itself, especially in important cases. It might well happen that a book-traveller in California could be showing a striking jacket to an admiring customer while the author is still struggling with his closing chapters. This function of the jacket—acting as an eloquent advance emissary—is one of much significance and convenience. One very eloquent example to make its public appearance in April is *On Our Way*, by Franklin D. Roosevelt (John Day). This is a strong, plain layout in three bands of color. The title is black lettering on red; at bottom, author's name in white on blue; center, a paragraph of the author's in quotes headed "The First Year." Another good John Day jacket will appear on a March book—*Do We Want Fascism?* Colors, red, white, and black; a well drawn fasces and swastika balancing the built-up lettering. Here the artist (Maurer), because of the heraldic simplicity of his arrangement, is able to fill the cover completely with no appearance of crowding.

The cover of *Gentlemen—The Regiment!* (Harper) should invite curiosity as to what all the toasting is about; and within a baroque border a gathering of red-coated officers at table, glasses well raised, graphically emphasize the title of the book.

Mr. Knopf has rightly imagined that the jackets on the drinking-guides which have made their appearance since the dawn burst are not going to stand up well under the strain to which they may be subjected. He has bound *Jack's Manual* in a waterproof or alcohol-proof material, appropriately printed. No further covering is needed.

The correct use of type is well illustrated in the cover of *Lenin* (Harcourt, Brace), the five letters of the title covering the spine in vertical fashion. The cover is just as effective, the sort of jacket one could spot at a distance—a good test. The jacket for *Twice Shy* quite overshoots its mark in its decorative attempt, achieving only the effect of making the title impossible to read without long contemplation. Lack of consideration for clarity spoiled here an otherwise attractive idea.

The State versus Elinor Norton (Farrar & Rinehart) will make its appearance with a dignified cover of medallion motif; this jacket will have tactile appeal as well, the frames and lettering having been subject to *gaufrage*. And the same publishers, feeling perhaps that one of their Spring 1933 novels had not received the attention it deserved, have decided to dress it up in a new coat by John Alan Maxwell, the heroic figure of the hero dominating the cover with sky, sea, land, and episodes filling in the background. Anthony Adverse!

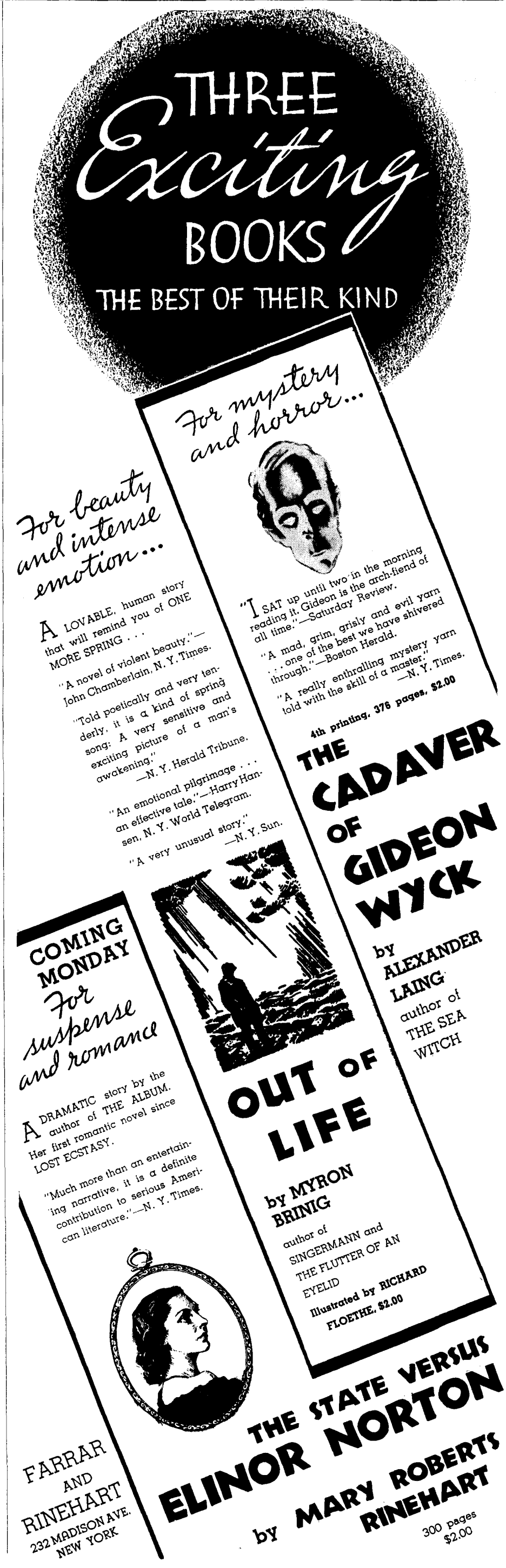
I can't help it, but there is another passion-jacket I should like to comment upon —*Passion's Pilgrims* (Knopf). At first glance it seemed pleasing, but I find it won't stand much looking at. We owe so great a debt to Mr. Knopf in the matter of book design generally that I almost hesitate to remark that a design we recognize as "modern" is beginning to seem dated.

This little discussion is, I hope, merely introductory. I have not seen more than a small fraction of the Spring jackets—many are not yet ready. I should like later to discuss more examples more briefly; not only those I like but a few I think should have stayed plain paper. I should like also to ask why there are in America no book-posters deserving of the name. And I don't mean a book-jacket enlarged, mounted on a card. That is not a poster.

☞We already have a reply to W. S. H.'s first chapter on jackets, printed last week. Barrows Mussey of Portland writes:

> In your piece about jackets, I see you express the hope that the wretched things are an American invention, but fear that credit must go to England because of books issued by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. Evidently in the strain of a week's blowing for Trade Winds you have forgotten or overlooked the origin of O., McI. & Co. Osgood is none other than our old friend, James R. Osgood, once of Fields, Osgood & Co. of Boston, who was sent to London by the Harpers. McIlvaine was a Princeton '85 man, also a Harper product. McIlvaine, a bright young manufacturing man, would probably have been responsible for the jackets. So home talent beats the Britishers coming and going!

☞We have long looked forward to the *reductio ad absurdum* of best-seller lists. The *Jacksonville Sunday Times-Union*, brought in by our travelling spy, obliges by listing *"The American Procession*, by Agnes Rogers and S. V. Benét." The Atlanta bookstores, as reported in the *New York Times* of January 22, did even better by including Sinclair Lewis's *Work of Art* as a best-seller three days before the book was published.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